

THE  
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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1955.

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CHINA



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SAXONE  
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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Rousing Success

THE visit to Hongkong of the Secretary of State for the Colonies has been a rousing success. We say that not because Mr. Lennox-Boyd has been so generous in his approval of the Colony's activities in the fields of industry, commerce, administration, public health, education and social services, but because of the deep and genuine interest which the Secretary of State has displayed in our community life and welfare.

Both Mr. Lennox-Boyd and his charming wife have captivated people of all classes wherever they have moved in Hongkong during the week. There has been nothing superficial in their inspection of the complicated machinery which keeps this Colony so vitally alive. All sections of the community have been left with the feeling that the Secretary of State is imbued with a full and sympathetic understanding of our manifold problems.

WE have no doubt that the last five days have been fruitful ones for Mr. Lennox-Boyd; that he was able to gain, visually and through his meetings with civic leaders, industrialists, social welfare workers, and Unofficial members of Council, a finely drawn picture of Hongkong's anxieties, aspirations and achievements. We would be asking far too much to expect the Secretary of State to return home accepting without question our ideas of how current domestic problems should be solved. Nevertheless, he has probably obtained a new perspective of Hongkong—its position in the colonial empire and its vast importance as a "show window" of the British way of life in the Far East.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd still has before him a strenuous tour, with matters of considerable import demanding his attention in Singapore and Malaya. Hongkong's claims to any special consideration could, as a result, not unfairly fade into the background. But somehow, we do not think they will. Whatever its defects, Hongkong is functioning in a positive manner, and its claims for Colonial Office sympathy and consideration are modest. The conviction is that, in consequence of Mr. Lennox-Boyd's visit, these will be more readily forthcoming in the future.

# TERROR GRIPS RED CHINA

## New Purge Is Under Way AIMED AT THE MIDDLE-CLASS

From RUSSELL SPURR

London, July 29.

After a three weeks 3,500-mile tour of Communist China, I am in a position to report that the country is gripped with terror. A new purge campaign aimed at the educated middle-class makes suspect every thought and word.

Thousands have already been whisked away by the dread secret police. Thousands more live under the threat of imminent arrest.

In every big city of China, doctors, teachers, bureaucrats, even Communist Party officials are being closely examined for "counter-revolutionary tendencies."

They are being urged to confess—or denounce someone else.

"Don't try to hide traitors" they are told, "or you'll be held equally guilty."

The purge is backed by all the power and organisation of the totalitarian state. The Communist Party press and police are whipping up a 1984-style witch-hunt.

I saw posters magically appear all over China depicting plotters lighting bombs under newly-built factories.

I read newspaper articles lashing out at "the insidious schemers who have infiltrated every branch of government."

A young Party worker in Hankow frankly told me "traitors are everywhere. Thousands will have to be liquidated."

The cartoonists concentrate on bald-headed Hu Feng, a leading Communist author. He is described as the leader of a giant anti-government conspiracy.

The exact nature of his alleged crimes are still unknown. Indeed he hasn't yet stood trial. But already Hu Feng is branded traitor—his confession will fill the papers.

**MAYOR ARRESTED**  
Pan Han-nien, acting Mayor of Shanghai is also under arrest. He too is condemned in advance. His fall 10 days ago was the signal for a terror drive throughout the city. "Liberation Daily" urged its readers to sift the thoughts of their friends

and colleagues. A list of clues was provided to be looked for in other people's conversations. Such tendencies as "liberalism, grumbling and individualism (i.e. undisciplined)" thought might reveal a "dangerous character."

The faithful were advised in a special footnote to send their denunciations of traitors direct to the editor-in-chief. All letters would be "treated confidentially."

The Chinese government is acting as if a revolution was at hand. Guards are increased on public buildings. Key areas, particularly in Peking, are ringed with electrified barbed wire.

The web of restrictive legislation has been jerked tighter together. Passes are now needed for the briefest journey. The police must—and seldom do—give permission to move residence.

Even holidays are forbidden more than 100 kilometres from your home. With the exception, of course, of the Party's favoured few.

"If this is freedom," an Indian diplomat's wife told me, "let's have slavery any time."

London Express Service.

## Earth-Satellites Launching Project FIRST SMALL STEP TOWARDS TRAVELLING TO THE MOON

### China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:  
P. 5: "Flight to Glory," last instalment by Graham Wallace.  
P. 6: The Royal doctor comes to Wingate's rescue: another chapter from "Gideon Goes to War" by Leonard Mosley.  
P. 7: A Did It Happen? story by Robert MacDermot.  
P. 8: A Face shines through the Iron Curtain by J.P.W. Mallett, MP: Joan Harrison writes on what the "Summit" wives talked about in Geneva.  
P. 13: Rene MacColl's first report on his second trip to Russia.  
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

### Frustrated Man's Homicide

Singapore, July 29.

Frustrated by his first wife re-marrying in India on a false presumption that he was dead, a Sikh watchman murdered his second wife when he found her in bed with another man.

The Defence Counsel for Dewan Singh, 34, explained this to the High Court before it found Singh guilty of the lesser charge of homicide not amounting to murder and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment.

Counsel said that Singh was buried alive for three hours during the Japanese bombing of Singapore in 1942. When the news reached India his first wife re-marrying on the wrong presumption that he was dead.

A British medical practitioner, Dr. C. B. Wilson, told the Court it must be a terrifying experience for a man to be buried alive for three hours.

To a man whose first wife had left him and married another man, Dr. Wilson added, "It must have been another terrible shock when Dewan Singh saw his second wife in bed with another man."

The Prosecutor said that Dewan Singh gave himself up at a Police station after fatally stabbing the man he found in bed with his wife.

United Press.

### ALL RESCUED

Wiesbaden, July 29.  
A US Air Force C-47 went down in the Mediterranean on Friday but all of its 18 passengers and crew were rescued, US Air Force European headquarters said on Friday night. —Associated Press.

Professor A. M. Low, famous British scientist, said tonight that the United States plan to launch small unmanned earth circling satellites was "the first small step" towards travelling to the moon.

"But it will still be a very long time before we can do that," he said.

The American project would be tremendously important in forecasting weather conditions and for television and it would have "possible wartime uses."

The satellites in-war could be used for "observation," he said. There was also the possibility finally of "real attack" from them but in this direction the plan was only a child's step.

Professor Low thought it would still be half a century before men could be placed on the satellites.

On the question of weather forecasts, he said: "If we can get enough weather forecasts from many places and high up enough we could gather reports for a long way ahead. That is a valuable commercial problem."

So far as television was concerned, he said that through satellites it might be possible for a TV station to cover a quarter of the earth with one transmission.

Welcoming the news, he said: "I take my hat off to the Americans."

**THE PLANNERS**  
Washington, July 29.

Five eminent scientists from three countries—the United States, Britain and Belgium—have been responsible for much of the planning behind the project to launch earth-circling satellites.

They are the men: United States: Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, President of the United States National Academy of Sciences.

An outstanding physiologist and biophysicist, he holds honorary doctorates from more than a dozen universities in Europe and America, served as an American government adviser and will be a member of the American delegation to the International conference on peaceful uses of atomic energy in Geneva next month.

Dr. Alan T. Waterman, Director of the United States National Science Foundation. He has conducted important research in several scientific fields.

Dr. Joseph Kaplan, chairman of the United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year. He is internationally known for his interest in the upper atmosphere and the laboratory production of upper atmosphere spectra.

**OXFORD SCIENTIST**  
Britain: Dr. Sydney Chapman of Oxford's College, Oxford. He has been described as "the world's most distinguished geophysicist," has acted as scientific adviser to the British government and is now President of the International Committee for the International Geophysical Year.

Belgium: Dr. Marcel Nicolet, Secretary of the special committee for the International Geophysical Year. A theoretical physicist and professor of geophysics at the University Libre de Brussels, he is an assistant to the Director of the Institute Royal Meteorologique of Belgium. —Router.

### TUAPSE CREW IN CANTON

Moscow, July 29.

The Soviet news agency Tass announced today that 29 of the crew of the tanker Tuapse, seized by the Chinese Nationalists and held in Formosa since June last year arrived in Canton on Wednesday.

The tanker, subject of a number of Soviet notes to the United States and requests from the Soviet Red Cross, the Swedish Red Cross, was carrying a cargo of kerosene to China when she was seized "in waters under United States control," the agency said.

The released members of the crew were flown from Formosa to Hongkong on Tuesday. Measures are being taken to effect the release of the remainder of the crew. Tass added.—Router.

### Fate In The Balance

Calcutta, July 29.

The fate of the 45,000 inhabitants of the world's biggest river island, Majuli, was unknown today after communications were cut off when the rising Brahmaputra river flooded the island.

The 500 square mile island is in the State of Assam, North-east India.

Elsewhere in Assam, a stampeding herd of cattle trampled a boy to death and an elephant died of starvation in the flood-stricken area.

In the state of Bihar, seven persons were drowned when their boat capsized on the flooded river.

In north Bengal over 1,000 families were encircled by rising waters, and another 500 families were evacuated to safer zones. —France-Press.

### GIRLS REVOLT

Bruges, July 29.

Police were called in today to break up a revolt of teen-age girl delinquents at the "Institute for re-education" here.

The girls, all less than 18 years old, barricaded themselves in a dormitory and destroyed all its furnishings.

Girls are sent to the institute following a trial before a children's Court. — France-Press.

### DESERTER USED BORROWED NAME

New York, July 29.

A GI who borrowed a name, today began serving a 25-year sentence for desertion from the Army in wartime.

The GI, Pte Arthur Athans, was sentenced yesterday after pleading guilty to the desertion charge.

He left behind a sobbing wife and five children who learned his true identity only after his arrest on May 18.

Athans deserted from the Army on December 7, 1944, while serving a five-year sentence at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for being absent without leave for the third time.

He worked as a farm labourer for a year and then settled in Levant, New York, where he took the name of Joseph Trainer and went to work as a mechanic. In 1948 he married and founded the Levant Motor Sales Company in Jamestown. The business flourished. As Joseph Trainer, Athans became a respected member of the community. He had five children who now range in age from eight years to 20 months.

Athans, who was drafted into service from Buffalo, New York, declined to say how he was finally traced and arrested. — United Press.

### S'pore Strike Decision

Singapore, July 29.

Ten thousand City Council workers decided to strike next Wednesday after efforts by Labour Ministry officials and employers for a settlement of their demands failed on Friday.

Workers engaged in street cleaning, sewage disposal, electricity and water supply services made twelve demands, covering higher wages, better conditions, more vacation and pay for the period they were on strike last year.

The City Council finance and general purposes committee, while agreeing to most of the men's demands, have refused to grant them strike pay. — Associated Press.

## Turncoat GIs Arrested After Reunion With Relatives

San Francisco, July 29.  
Three American former prisoners of war, who chose to stay in Communist China after the Korean truce, returned here today and were immediately arrested by Army authorities.

The three, William Cowart, Ohio Bell and Lewis Griggs, told the Chinese after two years that after all they wanted to go home.

Passports were issued and they crossed to Hongkong where they boarded the American liner President Cleveland, which brought them to San Francisco.

The three had 90 minutes of reunion with their relatives which the liner docked. Then within minutes after they had cleared customs with their military possessions, the United States Army arrested them and took them in the back of a truck to the stockade at Fort Baker across the Golden Gate from San Francisco.

**SERIOUS CHARGE**  
Charges against the men could lead to a possible death sentence for each. They were obviously shaken as Captain Walter Leahy, of the Sixth Army Provost Marshal's Office, formally read them the charges.

Bell and Griggs had perhaps the most damning charge read against them—"soliciting a general officer of the United States Army to desert."

All three were charged with betraying their fellow prisoners in efforts to improve their own situation in the Korean prisoner-of-war camps.—Reuter.

**Valuable Metal  
Discovery In  
HK, Claim**

London, July 29.

A 28-year-old British soldier now serving in Hongkong has written to his parents here that he has discovered deposits of a metal which he claims is invaluable in creating light alloys.

He is Lance-Corporal William Bruce Harris and he had been studying geology as a hobby before he went to Hongkong three years ago.

The deposits of the metal—beryllium—he mentioned in a letter which said: "at last my hobby of picking up bits of rocks has been of some use."

"I have found a metal which they say is called beryllium and which they say is valuable."

He did not say in his letter where he had found the deposits of the metal. — China Mail Special.

for those who  
believe in the best  
**Schwepes**

Tonic Water



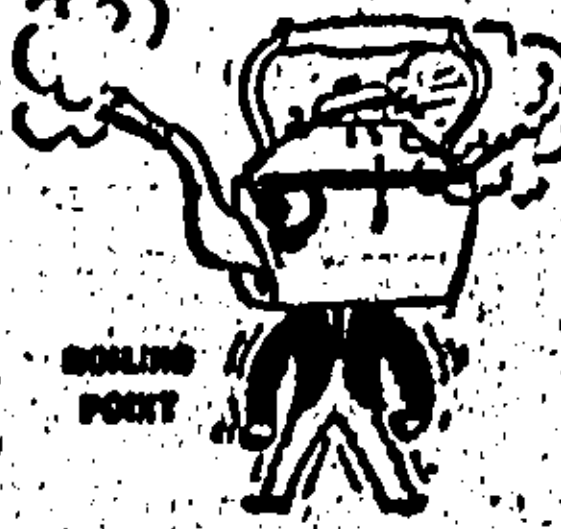
THE ONE AND ONLY  
SCHWEPES TONIC WATER

For Smoother Riding!

**MARFAK**  
Lubrication

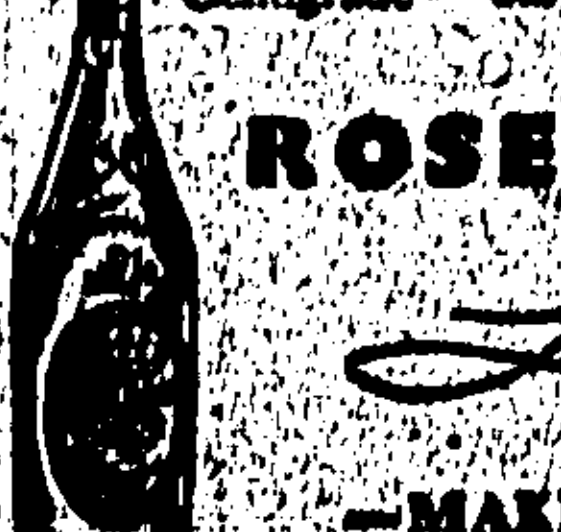


Thirst for  
Knowledge



Somehow between boiling-point and freezing-point lies cooling-point. A Mr. Fahrenheit has charted the first two, but the last as far as we know, has never been defined. The only effective test is to take a long cold glass of Rose's.

Lime Juice in the hot, clammy hand; then, tilting the head backwards and closing the eyes, sip the glass at such an angle that the thirst-annihilating stream flows steadily down the parched throat. At some point in this operation a delicious sense of well-being will pervade the body. This, gentlemen, is cooling-point; and cannot be measured in Fahrenheit or Centigrade—only in Rose's.



ROSE'S

Lime Juice  
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE—



## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

The Most Hilarious Star-Team In Years... In A Fun-Filled Western Whopper!

## The Paleface

Color by Technicolor

starring HOPE

BOB

JANE

RUSSELL



Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH - Directed by NORMAN KRASNA

## EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m.

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

Full-length Technicolor

Cartoon

"JOHNNY, THE GIANT

KILLER"

M-G-M Presents

Technicolor Cartoons

"TOM &amp; JERRY"

Etc. Etc.

Reduced Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

## NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL. 78721

KOWLOON, TEL. 535500

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

A Japanese Picture with English Subtitles  
Color by Eastman Color  
A Daiei Production

## "THE GATE OF HELL"

Winner of the Grand Prix at  
the 1954 International Film  
Festival at Cannes

2 ACADEMY AWARDS

"Best Foreign Film" "Best color Costume  
Design"

Starring Kazuo Hasegawa \* Machiko Kyo

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Universal Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: M-G-M Technicolor Cartoons

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox Proudly presents

ERROL FLYNN

JOANNE DRU

PETER FINCH

The Dark

Avenger



Color by EASTMAN COLOR

by the makers of MAGNETIC STEREOPHONIC SOUND

ADDED ATTRACTION! CinemaScope Short Subject  
"SORCERER'S APPRENTICE" Color by DeLuxe.ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow.  
Extra Performance of "THE DARK AVENGER" at 12 Noon

TO-NIGHT at 8.00 p.m.

GREAT WALL DRAMA GROUP presents

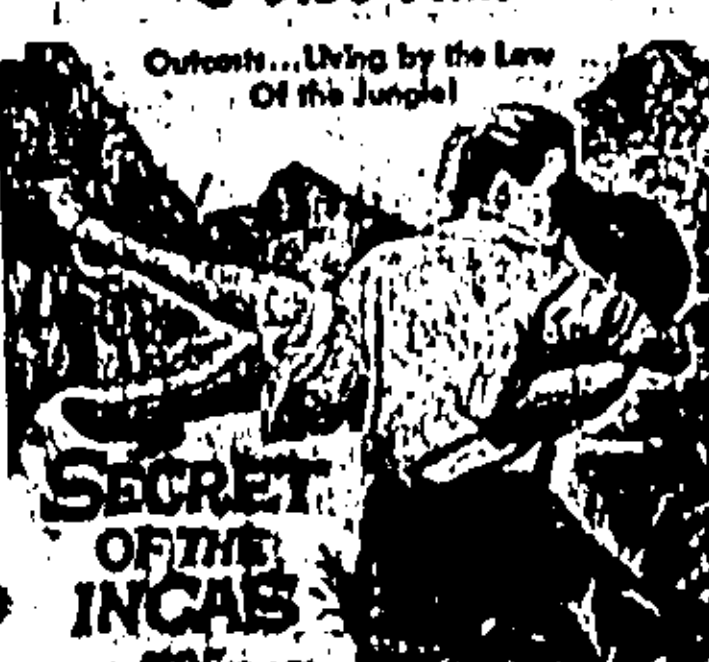
## "THUNDERSTORM"

An all stars cast — Mandarin Drama

Admissions: \$8.90, \$6., \$4.70, \$3.00

&amp; \$1.70 tax incl.

## CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
& 9.30 P.M.

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH - Directed by NORMAN KRASNA

Sunday Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

"MASSACRE RIVER"

Next Change

"LITTLE BOY LOU"

5 SHOWS

TO-DAY

At 12.30, 2.30, 5.30 7.30

&amp; 9.30 P.M.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Modern Times

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH - Directed by NORMAN KRASNA

Sunday Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

"MASSACRE RIVER"

Next Change

"LITTLE BOY LOU"

## FILMS Current &amp; Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

## SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Paleface": A re-issue of a comedy western with Bob Hope as a timid patriot flower and Jane Russell as his fearless protector.

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Jupiter's Darling": Two armies wait while Hannibal battles under the walls of Rome with a Roman maiden. Howard Keel, Esther Williams and Marge and Gower Champion.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Gate of Hell": A Japanese tragedy, beautifully photographed.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Down Three Dark Streets": An FBI man finds the common denominator in three different crime cases. Broderick Crawford, Ruth Roman and Martha Hyer.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Dark Avenger": Errol Flynn, as Edward the Black Prince, indulges in some sword-play in defence of Joanne Dru. Peter Finch meets the death reserved for actors who support well-known stars.

## COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Marie Antoinette": A re-issue with Norma Shearer, Robert Morley and Tyrone Power that induces nostalgia for the days when Shearer was Queen of the Screen.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Man from Bitter Ridge": A western. Lex Barker, Mara Corday and Stephen McNally. "Casanova Brown": Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright romance together.

"Run For Cover": A sheriff with a past tries repeatedly and profitably to reform a young range wastrel. James Cagney and John Derek.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Up to his Neck": Ronald Shiner against a Royal Navy background. Many of the gags seem to have been lost at sea.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Duel in the Sun": A good son, a bad son and a half Indian girl in some love scenes that have taken their inspiration from the desert sunset. Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Hansel and Gretel".

his household when he marries his fiancée, Miss Helen. Luke, hearing that the girl has been carried off by Jesse, draws his own conclusions and never, in his arrogance, doubting that she has gone against her will, shoots Jesse for peaching on his preserves. Knowing that in spite of her love for him, Jesse has only affection in his mind for her, the girl sets off on her rendezvous with one thought in her simple mind: to kill Luke before he can have a second shot at Jesse.

Things don't go according to plan and the lovers die in each other's arms, covered with blood from the gunshot wounds they have inflicted on each other with the dust that contributed to the title it earned itself among the cinema-going public, and with sweat from the struggle to crawl towards each other gasping their last words of love.

## Flynn Swashes And Buckles

The publicity for "The Dark Avenger" advertises the perennially acrobatic swashbuckler as "the devil-may-care Errol Flynn you've always admired". At least it's honest. Run through the pictures that Flynn has made in the past, crystallise your feelings about them, and you'll need no further advice from me as to the merits and demerits of "The Dark Avenger".

For admirers of Peter Finch, however, the decision may be a little more difficult. As the engaging criminal in "The Detective", bullying Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk" or being the sympathetic priest in "The Heart of the Matter"—in all these, he had, by screen standards, fairly adult roles and he brought a different approach to them that stamped him as a competent actor with an unusual charm who would probably develop into a film star far above the ordinary. In "The Dark Avenger" he too swashbuckles.

The story purports to be a piece of history carved from the Hundred Years' War, with Errol Flynn left behind in France by his father, King Edward II to rule Aquitaine, recently won from the French.

In spite of a temporary truce between England and France, there are, very naturally, more than a few people in Aquitaine who feel that far from being liberators, their cousins from across the sea are aggressors. One can hardly blame them: the two terms sometimes get a little mixed even today.

Peter Finch has been cast as the villain of the piece—a French nobleman who, rather unfairly I feel, meets his doom in defence of his strategy of enticing the English to break the truce.

The bait is Lady Joan Holland, played by Joanne Dru. Her abduction is calculated to bring reprisals—which it does enabling Errol Flynn to dress up in a suit of black armour and canter about the French countryside swashing and buckling sub rosa, so to speak, his disguise being so perfect that it fools the French guerrillas into taking him to their manly hearts.

A picture that can make one take sides and wish with venom that the villain would cleave the hero in twain (or whatever the Old English is for quarters) has entertainment value, however, if not historical accuracy.

## Watch The Ads

Although the King's and Princess are following their usual policy of showing the same pictures, it will be as well to watch their advertisements during next week, as the Princess will be showing films for three days while the King's have a Chinese stage show, and the arrangement will be reversed when the stage show has finished at the King's.

## KOWLOON

RESTAURANT

AIR CONDITIONED

Famous Chinese &amp; European Food

DINE, WINE &amp; DANCE NIGHTLY

MISS JULIE &amp; HER ORCHESTRA

221D-E, Nathan Rd., Kowloon. Tel: 57171

Please note that our telephone number will be changed to 62988 as from 31st July 1955

"Jupiter's Darling" is a musical romp through the pages of history. Here and there it throws in an established fact or so about the events 200 years B.C. but only in the most light-hearted fashion—even apologetically.

Hannibal is shaking his fist at Rome, and Fabius, whose policy when fighting the Carthaginians is to avoid meeting them if possible, has decided to send a little decoy out to distract Hannibal's attention from his unprepared city.

The decoy is Esther Williams, his own betrothed—which is generous of him, to say the least. Now, as everyone knows, Miss Williams is a most delectable creature whether she is wearing the BC line or the latest thing in modern swimsuits, and the trick works.

The rest of the historical detail is equally imaginative, but it gives Howard Keel, as a very manly, bolsterous and uninhibited Hannibal some new cones, and allows Esther Williams to get in a little underwater work while escaping from the enemy.

The colouring is exceptionally lovely and the costumes appear to be fittingly expensive for a CinemaScope romantic extravaganza. They might even be advertisements for durability too, judging by the manhandling Esther takes without falling out of them.

My favourite sequence is of Howard Keel wooing Esther Williams with song in the middle of a ruined temple. It's a most romantic scene and from their attitudes it looks as though they are both enjoying it to the full. They are rudely interrupted by Roman soldiers, and Hannibal, after flinging his lady-love with spine-shattering force into his chariot, manages to get away just in time, but with the darkest suspicions forming in his mind about the innocence of his complaint partner.

"How could they have known I was there?" he demands of her. "How could they have missed you?" she retorts with spirit, "singing your head off like that".

Marge and Gower Champion dance their way through the story with equal insouciance, though I found their arrangements a little disappointing and there's a lugubrious historian plodding along in the wake of Hannibal, exaggerating and whitewashing "for posterity."

## A New Japanese Film

"Gate of Hell" is, like many of the Japanese pictures, about the distant past. With so many legends and stories to call upon, it's hardly any wonder that this mine has been tapped so frequently in preference to the present and more recent past.

Briefly it is the story of a faithful wife who chooses to die rather than submit to the persistent attentions of a would-be lover.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the loving care with which the picture has been photographed. In a Japanese picture this is coming to be a matter of course. Or to mention the stylized acting of Machiko Kyo who, although ugly to western eyes, has the assurance of a woman who knows exactly what her value is. What is unusual is the amount of movement it possesses.

However much we may admire Japanese films as artistic achievements, they are, like many meritorious accomplishments, often tedious to watch. The characters in "Gate of Hell" appear more expressive of human feeling than have those in its forerunners. The husband has a kindness and an understanding of his wife's difficulties that is summed up in his lament over her dead body. He grieves, not so much for her death, but for the state of mind that must have driven her to such a step. He is sad that she did not come to him to help her, but in her loneliness, thinking it the only solution, tricked her attacker into killing her in mistake for her husband.

The rival himself is not painted as an entirely evil man. Throughout most of the picture, it is true, he is a menace to the happiness of the quiet, scholarly husband and his sensitive wife, but at the beginning, when he is sedulously rescuing her from a mob, and at the end, when he is overcome with shame at the dreadful results of his recklessness since it was made.



Esther Williams — the star of "Jupiter's Darling".

infatuation, he is shown as an impulsive, only too human being, his crime being that his sensitivities have been blunted by the coarsening effect of being a good, loyal and conscientious soldier, accustomed to the right of forcibly taking what he desires.

## Glamour For Balance

Broderick Crawford gives us a dependable, likeable, but hardly romantic cop in "Down Three Dark Streets" and the exception is refreshing. The glamour of the girls in the picture seems to be almost wasted on a man whose mind is so obviously on his job.

It's not a big, heavily publicized picture, but it's one that sends you away with the comfortable feeling of satisfaction that once again Broderick Crawford has proved to be an experienced actor who can be relied on to give a good performance, whatever the role.

The girls implicated in the three cases he has to solve are Martha Hyer, Ruth Roman and Martha Farnon.

## How Peck Earned Stardom

"Duel in the Sun" is a film made some time ago by Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten before Peck really came into his own as a big name on the screen and at a time when Harry Carey and Lon Chaney were still alive—this will give you some idea of it's age.

It is being shown at a time when we have hardly had a chance to experience the effect of the new self-declared Hollywood director that less violence must be shown in films, so its brutality and its places, world-wise, will come as no great shock, after the type of the dreadful results of his recklessness since it was made.

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

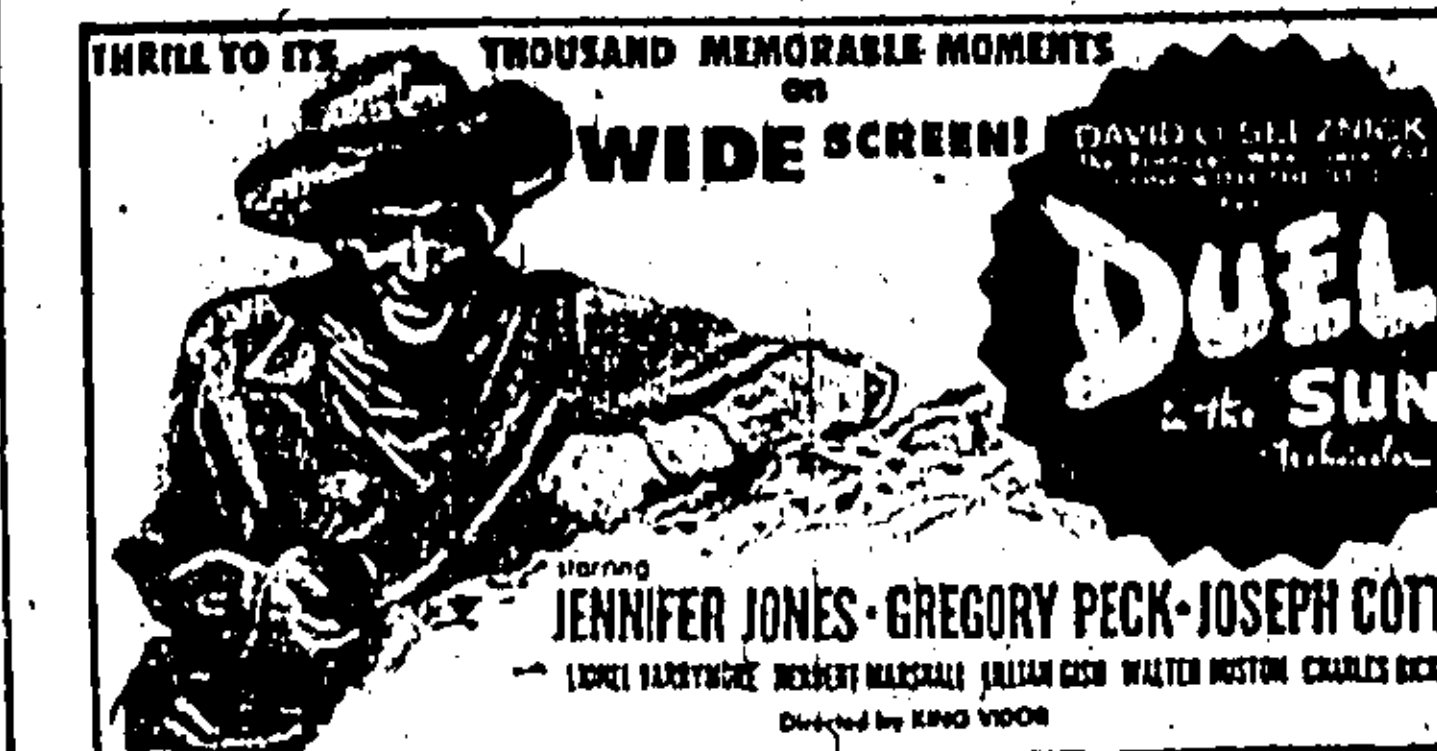
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY



ADDED ATTRACTION! MARCIANO-COCKELL FIGHT

## NEXT CHANGE



## ALHAMBRA

TOMORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

WB's presents CLYDE BEATTY &amp; MICKEY SPILLANE

## "RING OF FEAR"

In CinemaScope &amp; Warner Color

REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts.

## HOOVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 80333

## OPENING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

## BIGGEST OF ALL M-G-M'S CINEMASCOPE MUSICALS.

Love battles! Aquatic Thrills! Dancing Champions! Painted Elephants!



Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

Based on the play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY - Based on the play "Duel in the Sun" by ROBERT L. SHERRWOOD

Songs: BURTON LANE and ANNE ADAMS - Choreography by HERMAN PAN - Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR

Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY - Produced by GEORGE WELLS

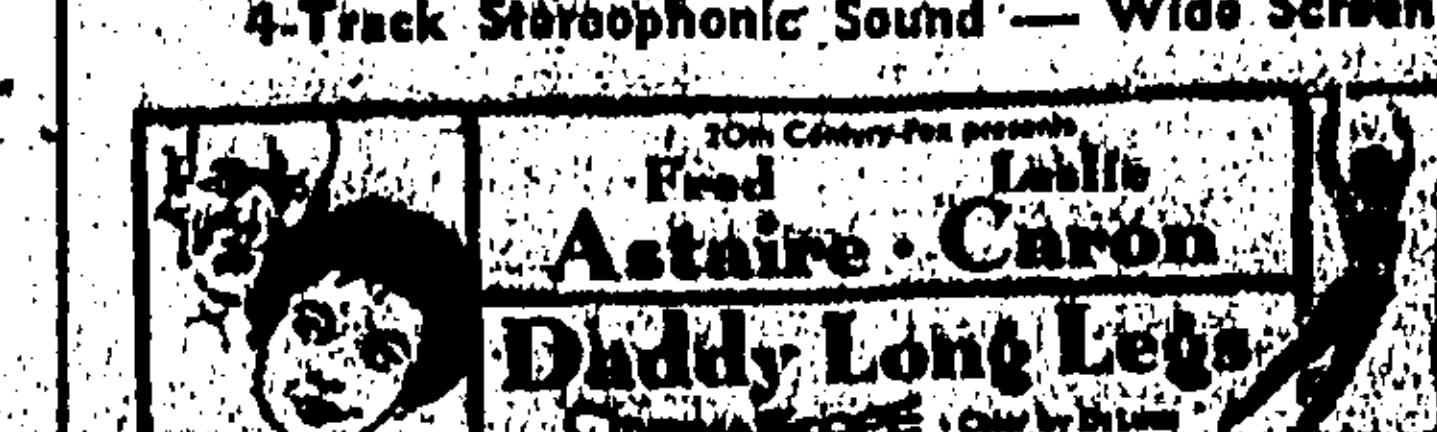
## 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

HOOVER: 12.00 1st Matinee LIBERTY: 12.30

## ORIENTAL

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

4-Track Stereophonic Sound — Wide Screen!



Special Morning Show for Holidays Daily at 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW: William Holden in "THE MOON IS BLUE"

MONDAY: TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAM



## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## SHE USES LIPSTICK IN THE JUNGLE

London. Michaela Denis, a stormy blonde who is known as "The White Goddess" to some African tribes, pointed to the wall of her living room and said she would like to display the head of Ernest Hemingway from it.

"And every other big game hunter who collects the heads of lions, tigers, deer and so on," she scoffed. "Do you know why they kill? Because they feel the need to assert their virility. Hemingway and the others must have a terrible sense of insecurity to have to kill animals."

I feared for the Nobel Prize winner and his chattering friends as they had appeared at that moment. Mrs. Denis once threw a theatrical body over a coffee table for making eyes at her husband, Armand Denis, who hunts the wild beasts of the jungle armed with a camera alone.

## A Witch Too

She has been on seven safaris to the wild parts of our world and is believed to be—she would admit it—a "Mufanga" or good witch, with certain powers possessed by these sorceresses of the Oka tribe of Africa.

Although these powers are supposed to be used only for good, Mrs. Denis would gladly throw them into reverse against big game hunters.

In her apartment cluttered with native masks, African and Australian curios and an assortment of live pets the Denises are preparing for the first safari sponsored by commercial television. They leave in about three weeks for a long swing through Africa, sending back film of their real-life adventures.

A vast array of cosmetics is going with her.

## Helps Morale

"Safaris are now popular with American women, I know," she said, "so tell them to make themselves up in the jungle as though they were on Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard. I always wear lipstick, eyebrow pencil, and even eye shadow. It helps keep up the morale of the safari, protects the skin, and the natives simply love it."

Mrs. Denis, a handsome lady in her early thirties, met Denis while she was in South Africa getting ideas for fashion designing. Since then life has been so hectic she has put her exploits into a best-seller called "Leopard in My Lap" which will be published in the United States in September. Among other things she doubled for Deborah Kerr in the African sequences in "King Solomon's Mines."

People are the same the world over, Mrs. Denis believes. She once showed a pinup of Marilyn Monroe to a native deep in the heart of Africa. What did he do?

"He gave a wolf whistle—the same one you can hear on Piccadilly any night," she said.

## Men Live in Fear

One of her most interesting experiences was a visit to a village of the Asongo-Mene tribe in the Belgian Congo. In this village the women had the menfolk completely subjugated. It developed that some time earlier one of the wives had given a big party for other wives while her husband, she said, was away on a trip. Then another wife gave a party announcing her husband was also on a trip. Then a third wife gave a party and so on.

The District Officer eventually discovered that the men had not gone on trips at all. They had been killed and served up as the main dish at the parties given by their wives. Authorities immediately stamped out the practice but the surviving men, said Mrs. Denis, still live in fear.

As I got up, she said casually: "If you're going to the bathroom don't be afraid of the mercet. It's only a species of Montgoose."—United Press.

## 'Nyet'—So They Went West

Berlin. Love might be the West's new secret cold war weapon. Two Soviet officers who defected to the West said they fled because the Red Army would not let them marry their German girl friends. They brought the girls with them.—United Press.

From London: Ghosts Being Used To Attract Tourists.

From Moscow: Cads Caught Catching Carp Without 'Flies'.

From Greece: A Famous Actress Will Play 'Hamlet' Dressed In Slacks.

From Jo'burg: How South Africans Hear 'Big Ben' Before Londoners.

## You Need The Voice And The Stamina To Be A Wagner Star

London.

A young Wagnerian singer who has just become a Covent Garden star is today far more worried about building up her figure—and her stamina—than improving her voice.

For she points out that a Wagnerian heroine has got to see the prospect sooner or later of a five-hour ordeal on the stage.

Miss Harshaw, a large and handsome Englishwoman, New Jersey housewife, has just convinced British opera critics that she is in the great tradition of Wagnerian heroines. This took courage as well as talent and artistry for last year the same critics were a bit cool.

"I had to force myself to come back for another try," she said, "and now I am glad I did. They were so wonderful to me I feel it was worth all the hard work I put into the roles."

## So, Potato Dumplings

Miss Harshaw spoke across a large platter of potato dumplings. The Wagnerian heroines are steak-and-potato eaters for Wagner conceived his goddesses as larger-than-life size with the stamina for such five and a half hour operatic marathons as "Götterdämmerung" (Twilight of the Gods) and "The Mastersingers."

A friend had clipped reviews of her Covent Garden appearances from newspapers and magazines and these, neatly marked in red crayon, were stacked near her plate.

"I was afraid to look at them," she said, "until I was convinced they were nearly all favourable."

Some critics seemed to feel Miss Harshaw was at long last the successor to Kirsten Flagstad, others lauded the emotional impact of her Brunnhilde soaring on the wings of song through the dramatic trilogy of "The Ring" operas.

## 2½ Hours And No Intermission

"You need meals like this to sing these roles," she said. "Besides 'Götterdämmerung' there is 'Die Walküre' which lasts four and a half hours and Siegfried which takes five hours. Even the prologue to 'The Ring', 'Das Rheingold', lasts two and a half hours—all in one piece, no intermission."

One of the most charming and likable of all operatic stars, Miss Harshaw confides that often she wishes she were small and dainty and a singer of popular songs. Her two children share this dream. But stern reality cast her in a masculine mould.

She will have been silly for me to try to starve myself to a slyph, she said resignedly, ordering apple pie a la mode.—United Press.

## OH! THE CADS

## No 'Flies' In Russia?

Moscow. Pouchers are making "widespread use" of grenades, mines and dynamite to catch fish in the rivers of Byelorussia, one of the 16 republics of the Soviet Union.

The newspaper "Komsomol Pravda" declared that this "proliferation of fish" was causing "serious damage" to reserves in Byelorussia, which borders on Poland in the West.

Poaching with the help of large nets was also very common in some regions other than Byelorussia.

Around Moscow, for instance, pouchers "have become so bold" that they "carry on their dirty business quite openly, knowing that neither the police nor the local authorities are putting up a real struggle against them."—Reuter.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"You were a pitcher in college, Jim! If they gave that young rookie \$50,000 to sign, why don't you practise up?"

## Not Marlowe, Not Bacon But SHAKESPEARE WROTE HIS OWN PLAYS

London.

Dr Leslie Hotson has come up with the interesting, if unfashionable, theory that the works of William Shakespeare were written by William Shakespeare.

Many will disagree with him. American critic Calvin Hoffman, 1001. Dr Hotson found that certain characters and lines in the play had a special meaning, in terms of the people in the audience.

Seated near Elizabeth while "Twelfth Night" unfolded was the handsome Virginia Orsino. Duke of Barcelona, who was visiting London from Italy and had made a big hit with the Queen. It was no coincidence that the leading character in the play was called the "Duke Orsino."

Another guest was a "tall, very fat" Russian, Grigori Michulin. He was an envoy of the Czar Boris Goudonov, and a fur-hatted wonder around the court. Dr Hotson has picked out several references to the Czar's ambassador in "Twelfth Night."

## High-pressure Job

One Elizabethan celebrity was outwitted in his absence the night of the first performance. William Lord Herbert was becoming involved in a scandal involving his mistress, Mary Fitton. A reference to the scandal occurs in the play. Lord Herbert wisely stayed home.

"Twelfth Night," as Dr Hotson sees it, could not have been written by some hidden genius and attributed to Shakespeare by accident. He believes it was a fast, high-pressure job, commissioned on the Queen's orders to satisfy the needs of a special occasion of court.

And who would the Queen turn to for a workmanlike job of play-writing? To William Shakespeare, of course, says Dr Hotson.—United Press.

## WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Saldanha Bay, Cape. It took Mr A. Lombard, a keen fisherman, longer to weigh a 105 lb skate six ft long and four and one-half ft broad, than it took him to catch it while fishing off the Government jetty in Saldanha Bay.

Mr Lombard cast his 35 lb nylon line and within a few minutes he had a bite. He knew it was "something big" and after a 10-minute battle landed the skate.

Then he wanted to weigh it, but his scales were only good for 24-pounds. Undaunted, he proceeded to cut up the giant skate into 10 pieces and finally arrived at the figure of 105 lbs.

Little later he caught another skate, even larger than the first. But a friendly fisherman arrived with competent scales and he did not have to go through all the trouble again. The second skate weighed 105 lbs.—Reuter.

## Actress To Play Hamlet In Slacks!

Epidauros, Greece.

Judith Anderson, the famous classical actress, announced she is going to play Hamlet dressed as a man. Miss Anderson is 57.

"Sex is no problem," she said. She will play "Shakespeare's most difficult, male role in a pair of slacks."

"Hamlet is possessed by a desire to revenge his father's death," Miss Anderson said. "His love scenes with Ophelia are primarily ones of rejection."

Miss Anderson, who is at present visiting Greece, said she wanted to do Hamlet stripped of all historical costumes and flourish.

"I see it as something direct and uncluttered, with plain elevations, simple settings and colours largely black to white with grey and cream tones in between."

The lighting will leave the stage partially in darkness, and illuminate actors from the waist upward.

"Costumes will be slightly different from normal clothes, but not costumish," she said.

As Hamlet, she would wear slacks probably. And no tights.

Miss Anderson, who owns a ranch at Santa Barbara, California, is Australian-born and retains her British citizenship.

The blonde actress has won many awards and has wanted to do Hamlet for a long time.

"But now I think I am ready for it," she said. "It has taken possession of me."—United Press.

## Two Million Beggars Less In India

New Delhi. There are about half a million beggars and vagrants in India with a population of 300,000,000 people.

"This is a 'deep fall' in their number from that in 1911, when there were 2,500,000 beggars," according to official figures released here.

But the fall in number of beggars in relation to population is still steeper; the number having fallen to less than a seventh of the former figure between 1911-51.

In proportion to population, India had 0.14 per cent beggars in 1951 as against 0.40 per cent in 1931, 0.85 per cent and 1.02 per cent in 1921, 1921 and 1911 respectively.—Reuter.

## 'Shave Sir?' In A Female Voice

Berlin. In a few years if you go to the barbers in Berlin you'll probably get a haircut from a woman.

Less than 10 per cent of the students at barbers school now are men. The rest are women.—United Press.

## COME TO BRITAIN AND SEE A GHOST

(Says The Travel Ads)

London. Tourism is big business so you can't blame Britain for marshalling all its resources to attract overseas visitors. The competition is tough. France claims its belle cuisine is out of this world. Italy boasts that its shrines and sunshine can't be beaten.

So Britain is about to promote an attraction that is really out of this world. It is ghosts!

When it comes to apparitions of one sort or another Britain reigns supreme. There is scarcely an old tavern, manor house or castle without a cowed monk, transparent white lady or cavalier with his head tucked underneath his arm.

Not long ago it occurred to the British Travel and Holiday Association that here was a possible lure to tempt more tourists. They could be offered, if they wished, a journey to one of these bewitched manses to derive a little eerie stimulation from moans, howls, and clanking chains.

## Any Preferences?

Recently an overseas tourist called at the Association office in St James' to talk to Mr Ray Hewitt who is displaying the latest line in ghosts.

"Ah yes," he said briskly, "you are interested in haunts. Any preferences?"

"No," he said, "just show me the complete stock."

Mr Hewitt went through some cards.

"Here are a couple you can try out for size, both in Midhurst and Kent," he said.

"The pub there, 'The Angel' has what they describe as a 'nice old lady' ghost. At the old manor house nearby there's a monk lamenting the loss of his lady love, daughter of the lord of the manor. But he generally appears only in November."

"Any ghosts going in July?" the tourist inquired.

## The Black Dog

"Here's a real curiosity for you," he said, "the black dog of Hargrave. It's in Hoxfordshire. General Digby used the story for the Hound of the Baskervilles. Of course, there's a snag—the dog only howls for the death of a member of one of the prominent families there."

"I can't wait that long," he said, "any ghost in full operation right now?"

"Well," he said, "there's the Royal Castle Hotel in Dartmouth. They say a shadowy rider clatters into the inn yard in the dead of night."

"Not bad. Any others?"

## Red-faced Ghost

"The Lion and Lamb Cafe in Farnham in Surrey—its 450 years old—has a lady in an old-fashioned riding habit. The waitresses say she's a 'dear friendly little ghost'. If you want something a bit more daring there's the Elm Vicarage near Wisbech in Cambridgeshire. It has two ghosts—a red-faced bad one and Ignatius, the good monk. The bad ghost tried to strangle the Vicar's wife and Ignatius came along and rescued her."

And so he travelled through the list of ghosts who open doors, ghosts who gaze dolefully at walls and a beautiful ghost, pin-up girl of the haunted world, Rosamond De Clifford, mistress of King Henry II who wears only a sheer silk gown.

Among others the tourist took directions to the Mermal Pool in Staffordshire haunted of course by a mermaid. Mr Hewitt quoted an old rhyme:

"Comb her dripping crown  
And if you go to meet her  
She ups and drags you down."—United Press.

## LIVING ABROAD HAS ITS ADVANTAGES!

Johannesburg. Six thousand miles from London, England, Johannesburg radio listeners tuned to the BBC, to hear "Big Ben" strike the hour almost a second earlier than a Londoner standing in Parliament Square right beneath the clock-tower.

The reason is that radio waves travel faster than sound waves. The speed of radio waves is about 160,000 miles a second, against sound waves which travel at about 750 miles an hour.

The microphone in "Big Ben" is suspended near the 104-ton bell, and when the clock strikes the microphone picks up the sound about 100 feet above the waves carry it to someone standing below in the street.—Reuter.

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& 9.45 P.M.

Note Change of Times

ON OUR NEW STEREO SCREEN

Frank Astaire - Carol

Daddy Long Legs

Sunday Morning Show  
At 12.30 P.M.  
"THE GREAT FROM 20,000  
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## 1790 SANDEMAN SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

THE KING OF WHISKIES

THE KING OF WHISKIES

THE KING OF WHISKIES

THE KING OF WHISKIES

THE KING OF WHISKIES

THE KING OF WHISKIES





PUTTING the finishing touches on his work at East Church, Kent, is sculptor Hilary Stratton. The statue will mark the first home of British aviation in the 15th century village. It was here that in 1909 the Admiralty sent a small group of men who later became the nucleus of the Royal Naval Air Service. (Express)

## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

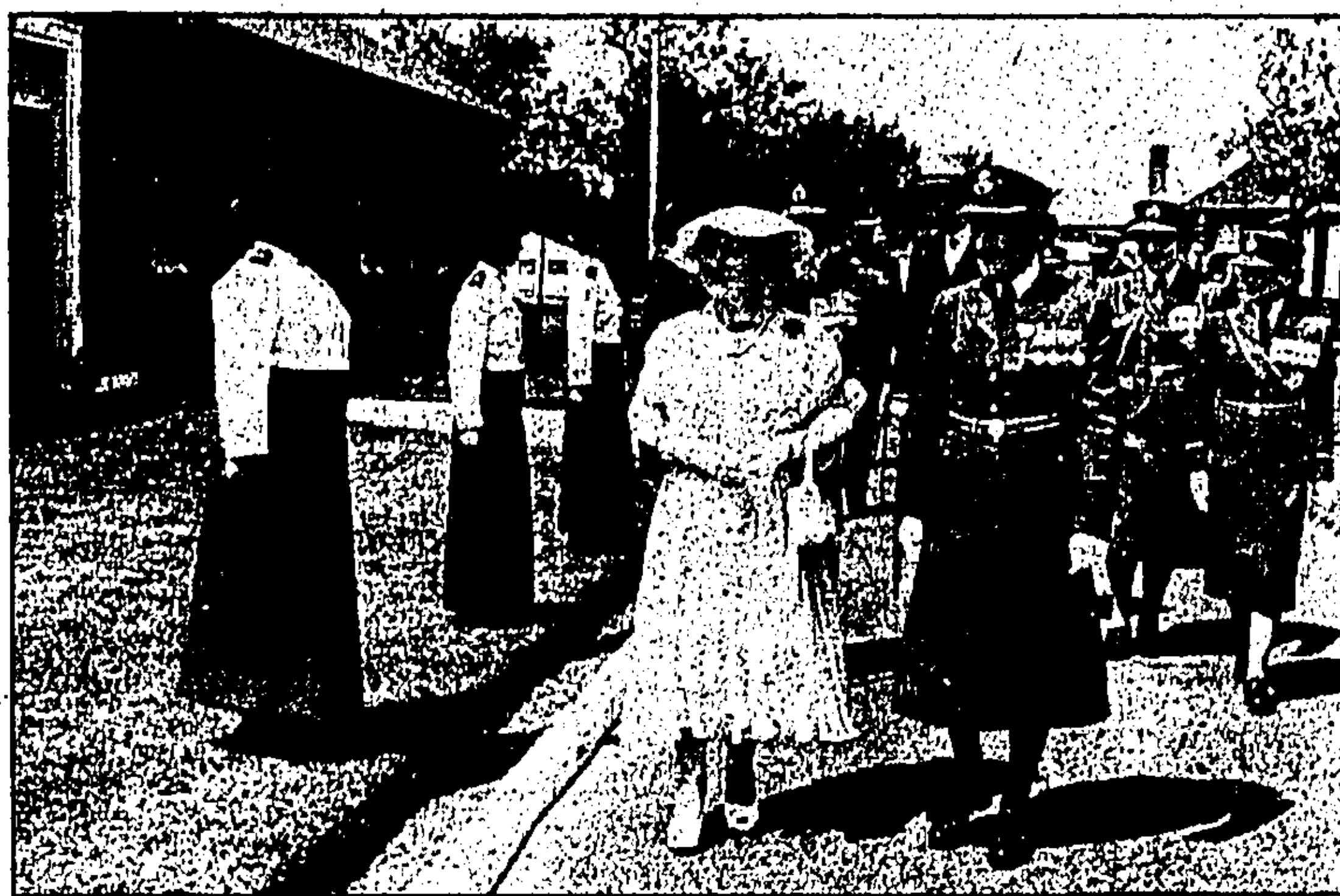


MR Barnett Janner, Socialist M.P. for West Leicester, shows the knife that startled the House of Commons. He had asked the Home Secretary if he would stop the import, manufacture and sale of flick-knives being carried by teenage gangs. When Mr Janner flashed the weapon in the chamber, Members shouted "Oh" and "Order." The Speaker intervened. (Express)



SMILES from Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh for some of the guests at the recent garden party at Buckingham Palace. (Express)

LEFT: Mrs Phyllis Slapera home again from Czechoslovakia—and at the door of his Suffolk cottage to greet her is her father, who had waited anxiously for her return after her nine years' imprisonment. The tiny Suffolk town where she was born turned out en masse to welcome her and her three children. (Express)



HER MAJESTY the Queen Mother, accompanied by HRH Air Chief Commandant the Duchess of Gloucester, on her visit to the RAF Station, Hawkinge, Kent. Burmese officers in training line the route to the WRAF quarters. (Express)



SAUCY ballet star Alexandra Danilova has made a hit with London audiences with her impersonation of a come-hither French tightrope walker in a ballet entitled "Mlle Fifi" at the Royal Festival Hall. In the ballet she is loved by a father and son. Michael Maule, seen with her here, plays the younger man. (Express)



THE citizens of Weymouth, in Devon, could go boating down the main street after a series of violent cloudbursts sent the nearby River Wey over its banks. Hundreds were made homeless. (Express)

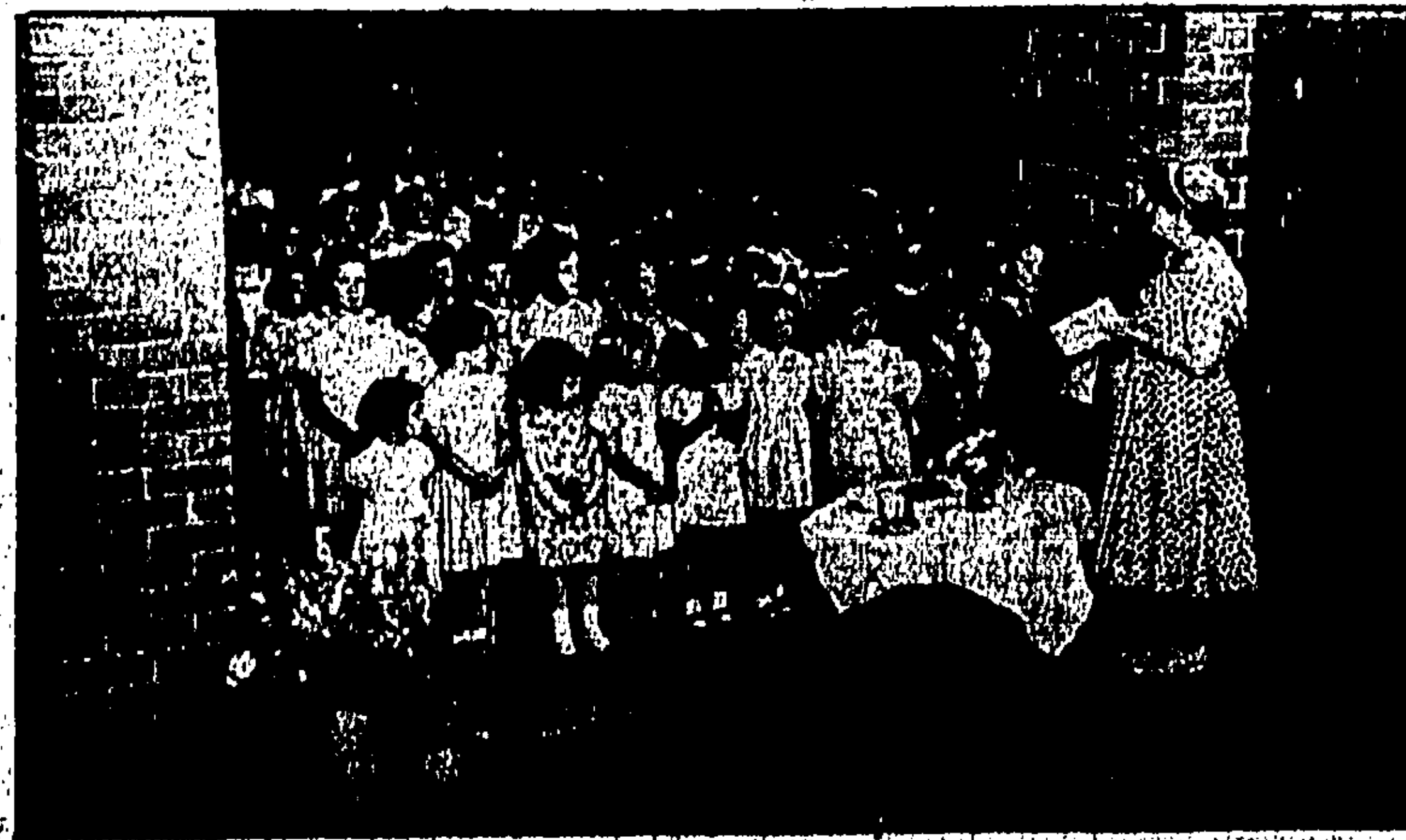
BELOW: Six days a week the garage behind Mrs Pat Gibell's home in Rotherham, Yorkshire, houses a car and a van, but on Sunday she wheels them out and holds a Sunday school class there. (Express)



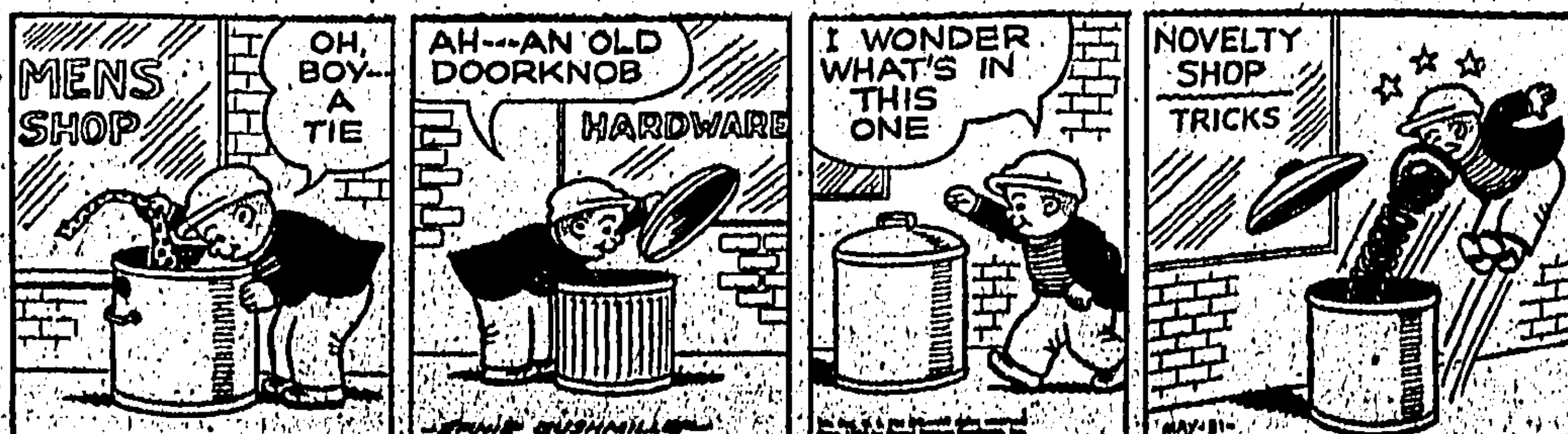
ATTRACTIVE 16-year-old Iris Pollakova, who was elected "Girl of the Year" by the Soho Visual Arts Club, demonstrating the Can-Can, which was one of the features of the recent Soho Fair. (Express)



CORPORAL A. Connor, leader of the team from the Military Hospital, Chester, receiving from Lt-Gen. Sir Humphrey Gale, Colonel Commandant of the Army Catering Corps, the cup for winning the hospital team cooking competition. (Army News)



### NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**BLACK  
MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



## Andrew Makes History

by  
JOHN MCKENNA

London. "RICHARD Henry Andrew," reports Socialist Aneurin Bevan's magazine, Tribune, solemnly, "has driven his ambulance slap through the Bridlington Agreement."

No. Richard Henry Andrew is not a trick circus rider.

But his feat, even when you have untangled Tribune's metaphor, is not the less surprising.

Ambulance driver Andrew has made trade union history—history which may have a startling effect on trade union organisation, not only in Britain but through the Commonwealth as well.

Oddly, the headlines have passed him by.

But his story is this:

He belonged to the Confederation of Health Service Employees. One day, he decided that the CHSE wasn't doing the kind of job he expected from his trade union. He joined the National Union of Public Employees.

★ ★ ★

The Confederation fumed. The Trades Union Congress decided that the move was a contravention of the "Bridlington" agreement—the agreement which officially bars "poaching."

So the NUPE was ordered to hand Andrew back to the Confederation.

Andrew took the case to court.

The judge, Mr Justice Wilson, ruled that Andrew couldn't be pushed around like that, and granted him an injunction restraining the NUPE from expelling him.

In other words, the trade union agreement by which a man becomes the "property" of a given union and no other union is allowed to accept him has been declared at variance with the law—at least in this particular case.

It is just this point which led to the long, costly, frustrating, dock strike. Some dockers got tired of the late Arthur Denkin's Transport and General Workers' Union.

Another union took them on. But under pressure from the TG & WU, which screamed "poaching", the dock employers wouldn't recognise the rebels.

As unions grow ever bigger, more impersonal, remote and complicated, the situation will crop up with an ever-growing frequency.

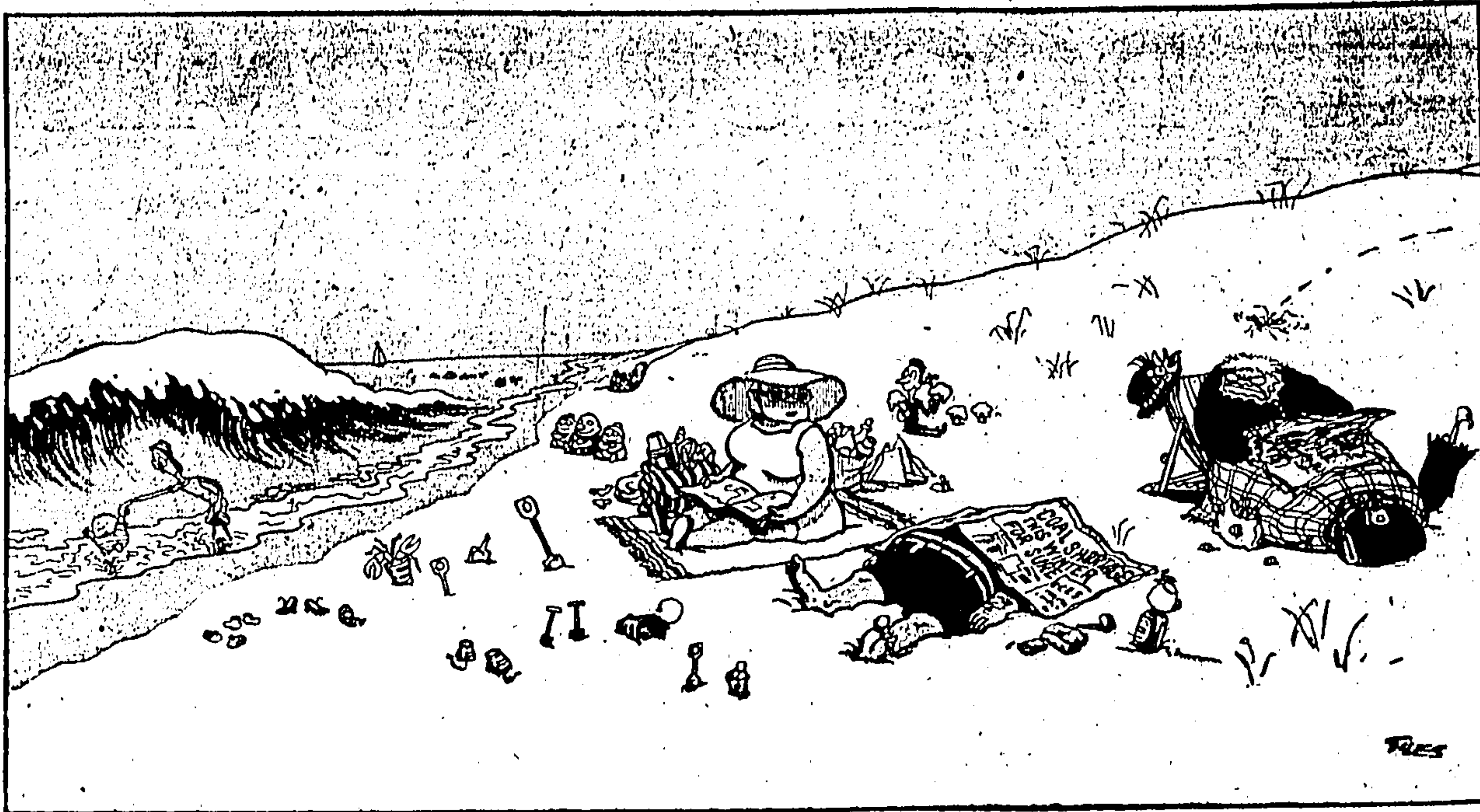
Either men will rebel and join or form a new union when their minor grievances are passed over as too small to merit the attention of an industrial giant in the union business, or flare-ups in the form of unofficial strikes will fill the gap.

★ ★ ★

As long as the "Bridlington Agreement" can be upheld, the giants can keep the troops in order.

But it looks as though its days may be numbered—and courts elsewhere are equally likely to hold that British justice and the principle that a man can be held as a " chattel " by a trade union are not compatible.

As Tribune concluded: "How many trade union quarrels in the courts must there be before the unions realise that no one has the right to treat a man like a chattel slave?"



"That's a nice thing to say to Grandma when she asked you what our coal stock's like at home."

London Express Service

## NOW THE NOSE-DIVE INTO HISTORY

Graham Wallace concludes "Flight to Glory" the story of Alcock and Brown, Pathfinders of the Atlantic

Caught in a violent storm, Alcock and Brown's plane gets out of control and plunges to what seems certain disaster.

ALCOCK regained control over the engines and throttled them back, but he still could not check the headlong plunge of the Vimy towards the Atlantic.

The needle of the altimeter had almost reached zero, when they left the storm as quickly as they had entered it, falling out from that treacherous black cloud only 60 ft. above the waves.

Alcock instinctively righted the Vimy and they flew on, splashed by the spray from the Atlantic rollers. Brown regained his composure and looked at the compass. To his amazement he saw that they were heading straight back to Newfoundland.

and the petrol gauges smothered with snow. Alcock needed all his strength to move the controls, but he continued to climb, hoping to fly out of the storm and, perhaps, to catch a glimpse of the sun.

### Driving show

HE nudged Alcock and pointed to the compass. Alcock burst into a roar of laughter, then he swung the Vimy round in a wide turn back on course for Ireland.

Two hours later they were fighting for their lives in a snowstorm at 8,000ft. The wings and struts were sheathed in ice, the ailerons were jammed, the engine air-intakes blocked.

The two Rolls-Royce Eagles were labouring, starved of air by the altitude and the driving snow.

Brown knew what had to be done if they were to survive. He released his safety-belt and stood up in the cockpit, pulling off his mittens to leave his hands free for work.

Without hesitation, he climbed up on to the fuselage. Alcock looked round and tried to pull him back, but Brown savagely pushed him

his companion spinning down to the Atlantic 10,000ft. below.

Shortly after seven that morning, 15 hours after leaving Newfoundland, they climbed out of that terrible storm at 11,000ft and glimpsed the sun.

For the last time Brown knelt up in his seat to take a sight. Jubilantly he scribbled a message for Alcock—less than 100 miles to Ireland.

Alcock pushed the joystick forwards and began to descend, hoping to find warmer air below.

### Into clear air

THEY glided out of the clouds into clear air, a bare 500ft. over the restless seas. Alcock opened both throttles. The engines responded without a falter.

They made a scrappy breakfast of sandwiches and coffee. Brown had just turned round to his seat to stow away the empty flask when Alcock grabbed him by the shoulder and twisted him round, pointing ahead excitedly and yelling inaudible words in his ear.

There in line with the nose of the Vimy, were two tiny specks—lands off the coast of Ireland.

In a few minutes they were flying over the little town of Clifden, looking for a landing field. Alcock spotted a level expanse of green grass alongside a large wireless station.

As he circled round the aerial masts and prepared to land, people came running out of the buildings and waved excitedly at the Vimy. They were trying to drive Alcock and Brown away from that deceptive patch of green, which covered a deep and treacherous bog.

But it was too late. Alcock cut the engines and glided down towards what he thought was a smooth green field. The Vimy plunged nose first into the mud and slime but neither man was hurt.

### At 118 mph

THEIR great Atlantic flight was over—they had flown from Newfoundland to Ireland in 15 hours and 57 minutes, at an average speed of 118 m.p.h.

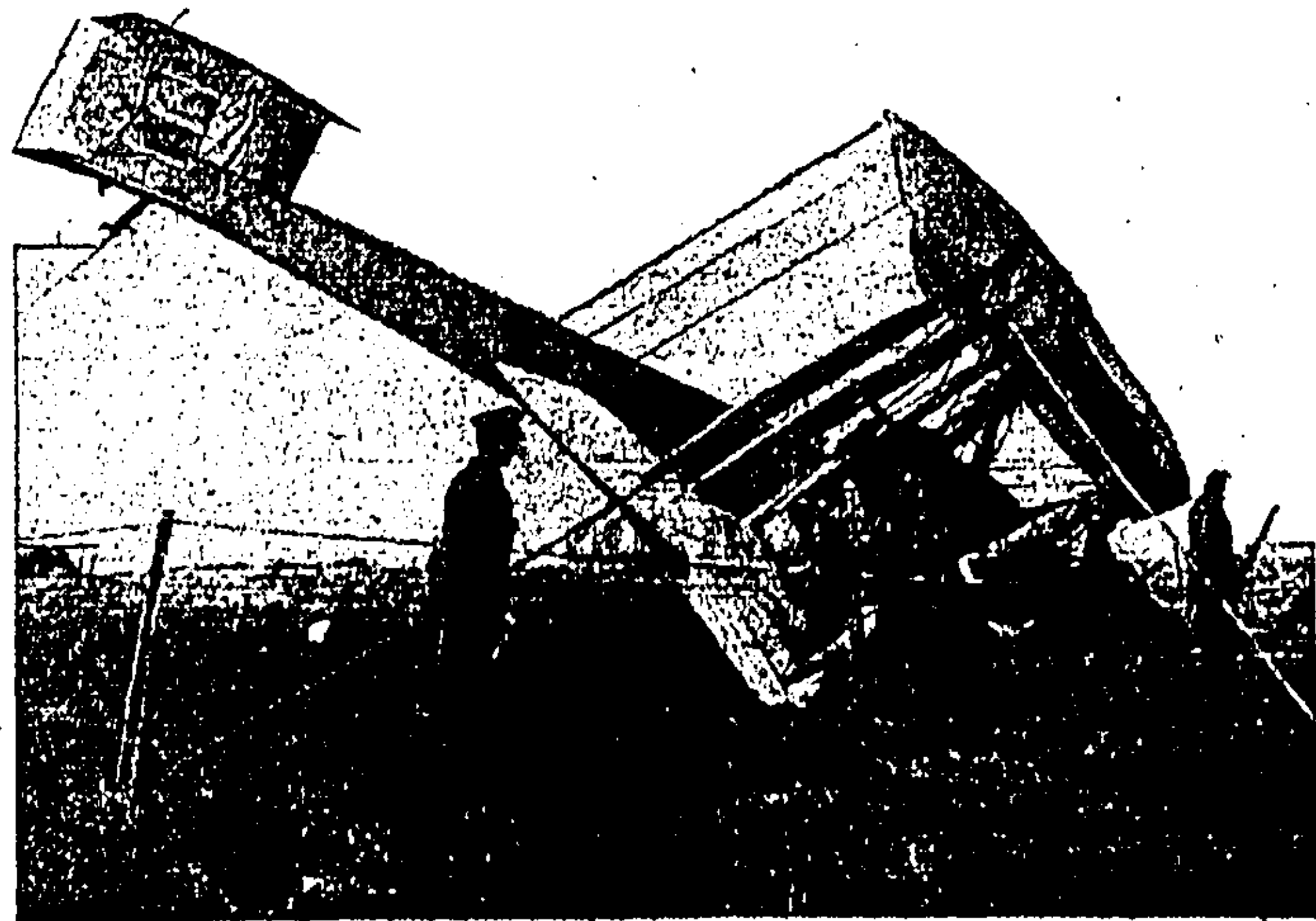
It was typical of Alcock and Brown to remember the team of faithful mechanics left in Newfoundland. They cabled at once: "Your hard work and splendid efforts have been amply rewarded. We did not let you down."

Their flight caused a tremendous sensation at the time. Thousands turned out to greet them all along their route from Ireland to London. Eyewitnesses crowded to welcome them at Euston and escort them in triumph through the streets.

Both were knighted by King George V., and Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for War, presented them with the Daily Mail's cheque for £10,000 at a luncheon given in their honour at the Savoy.

Alcock was killed in December 1919, when he crashed while flying in a new amphibian aircraft over France. Brown never flew again. He married Kathleen Kennedy and quietly resumed his work as an

THE VIMY CAME DOWN LIKE THIS, BUT IT HAD SOARED AND CONQUERED



It looked like a smooth green field, but it was an Irish bog, and that's where the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic ended. There was mud. There was slime. But there was victory.

## SEARCH FOR HITLER MONEY

Berlin.

From Ian Lawson

THE officials administering the property left by Hitler are determined to prevent his relatives from getting anything, and the West Berlin Senate have decided on a plan that will thwart their efforts.

A search for the cash believed to have been left by the dictator in banks under assumed names is now feverishly going on, but so far only a few millions have been uncovered.

The biggest mystery is what has happened to the royalties from "Mein Kampf" and other books and published speeches.

As the Berlin plan can be put into action, officials

must know the exact amount of the estate.

The plan follows a Supreme Court ruling that Berchtesgaden, Hitler's Bavarian retreat, shall issue a death certificate establishing it as his last official residence.

However, all de-Nazification courts have been dissolved in Western Germany and they cannot be re-established. This means that Hitler can never be classed as a Nazi in Western Germany and his relatives can immediately lay claim to the estate.

But Berlin is in a special class. The de-Nazification court

remains open until December 31, and the city Senate has power to pass a special law prolonging it.

All political parties agree this shall be done.

The court will then declare Hitler a Nazi and a major offender. And a fine, fixed at the exact amount of Hitler's estate, will then be announced.

Estimates of the estate have varied between \$12,000,000 and \$237,000,000, and many relatives have already made claims. They include his sister, the parents of Eva Braun, who was married to this No. 1 Nazi during the siege of Berlin. Eva's uncle and Hitler's

away and lowered himself on to the port wing. The snow

soaked his body in a cloud of ice while he clung to a strut and fumbled in his pockets for a knife.

### Heart pounded

HIS crippled leg slipped on the icy surface and the wind tore at his clothing as he grimly inched his way towards the engine. With the propeller only a few inches from his body and the exhaust roaring in his face, he managed to chip the ice off the gauges and clear the air-intakes.

The exertion made him pant and gasp for air, his heart pounded with the altitude, and the great gale of icy air that he breathed in stung his throat and lungs with cold. Not once, but six times he forced himself on to the wings, while Alcock fought to keep the Vimy on an even keel, knowing that a single jerk would send

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# THE ROYAL DOCTOR COMES TO WINGATE'S RESCUE

**BRITAIN'S STRANGEST HERO—CHAPTER 6**

IN the summer of 1941 an agent of the Palestine Jews working at G.H.Q., Middle East Forces, sent a message to the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem. It said: "Ya Hedid is gravely ill, and may die. Please inform Weizmann and Shertok."

Ya Hedid (Hebrew for "The Friend") was Wingate's code-name in the Jewish secret army. Almost immediately Shertok (now Moshe Shertok, Prime Minister of Israel) appeared in Cairo and went to the 15th General Hospital, where Wingate was a patient after trying to kill himself by cutting his throat. Shertok took with him a friend from Wingate's earlier days in Palestine, a young Italian Jew named Sireni, who subsequently parachuted into Italy for the Allies and died in Dachau.

Shertok and his companion found Wingate propped up in bed, his throat swathed in bandages. They were greeted in the waiting-room of the hospital by Akavia, Wingate's Jewish secretary, who had just flown north from Ethiopia.

## MISERABLE

AKAVIA was extremely distressed, and repeatedly said: "If only my plane had been on time this would not have happened."

They spoke briefly to Chapman-Andrews (now Britain's ambassador to the Lebanon), who had campaigned with Wingate in Ethiopia, and had helped to get him to hospital after the catastrophe at the Continental Hotel. "How is Colonel Wingate?" they asked. "You will find him in a very bad state," Chapman-Andrews replied.

He was understating. Wingate had never looked more low and

HE WAS A WRECK, A FAILURE. THEY THOUGHT HIS CAREER WAS FINISHED. AND THEN SUDDENLY HE FOUND THE PATH THAT WAS TO LEAD HIM TO GLORY

by  
**LEONARD MOSLEY**

miserable. Above the great bandage around his neck the face was pale and the eyes were dull with despair. He looked at Sireni with little interest, shook hands apathetically with Shertok, and then said to him:

"Shertok, I don't need to tell you about me. You know that even though I am British my destiny is linked for all time with your people. I am a Zionist and I believe in Zionism. I believe one day the Jews will have their own independent country. I believe that, whether your people have to fight to get it, or whether they have to fight to keep it, the army that does battle for your freedom will be led by me."

"I know that one day you will ask me to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Israel. It is because I know one day you will ask me to undertake this task that I want you to know all about me. Exactly what sort of a man I am. What kind of things I am capable of doing." He touched the bandage around his neck and pulled at it contemptuously. "This, for instance. What have you been told about this?"

Shertok informed him that, so far as anyone in Cairo knew, Wingate had fallen in his hotel and injured himself.

"Nonsense. It is not true. I took a knife and cut my throat. I intended to kill myself, and I should be dead now if someone had not heard me groaning and broken down the door."

He beckoned Shertok to come nearer. "Do you see what sort of a man I am? I try to kill myself—and I do not even make a good job of it. If you still want me as the leader of your army, remember this!"

## IN DESPAIR

IT was the beginning of the blackest period of Wingate's life. For the next few months he was to live in the pit of despair, wallowing in not unjustified self-pity at his situation.

It would be an exaggeration to say that many people at G. H. Q., Middle East Forces, were appalled at his situation, and there were some to whom it represented a good excuse for celebration. The upstart soldier from the bush who had dared to criticise them had proved not only weak but incompetently weak. He had made such a clumsy job of his suicide attempt that, it must be admitted, even some of his friends were surprised.

Many times I had talked with Wingate about suicide in the

Sudan and Ethiopia. He knew I had been a correspondent in Germany until the outbreak of war and asked me many questions about conditions in concentration camps. I told him:

"But why don't they commit suicide?" he asked, and when I replied that this was not so simple if you had neither belt nor braces, knives nor spoons, and were low in physical health, he was contemptuous. "You don't need weapons to kill yourself with," he said. He lifted up his arm and brought it to his mouth. "All you need to do is bite through your veins and bleed to death."

Now he was, that most pathetic and pitiable of all characters, a failed suicide. He had botched the most desperate decision of his life and become an object of derision to his enemies and a figure of doubt to his friends.

## LOST PRESTIGE

WITH one ill-timed and clumsily handled cut of a knife, he had dissipated all the prestige which his campaign in Ethiopia had begun to gather for him. He had returned to Cairo a soldier whose exploits were, so far, unknown and his future uncertain. Time, plus the self-evident achievements of his Ethiopian period, would have taken care of that. But who would continue to employ a man whose only answer to criticism, antagonism and stupidity was to cut his own throat, inefficiently?

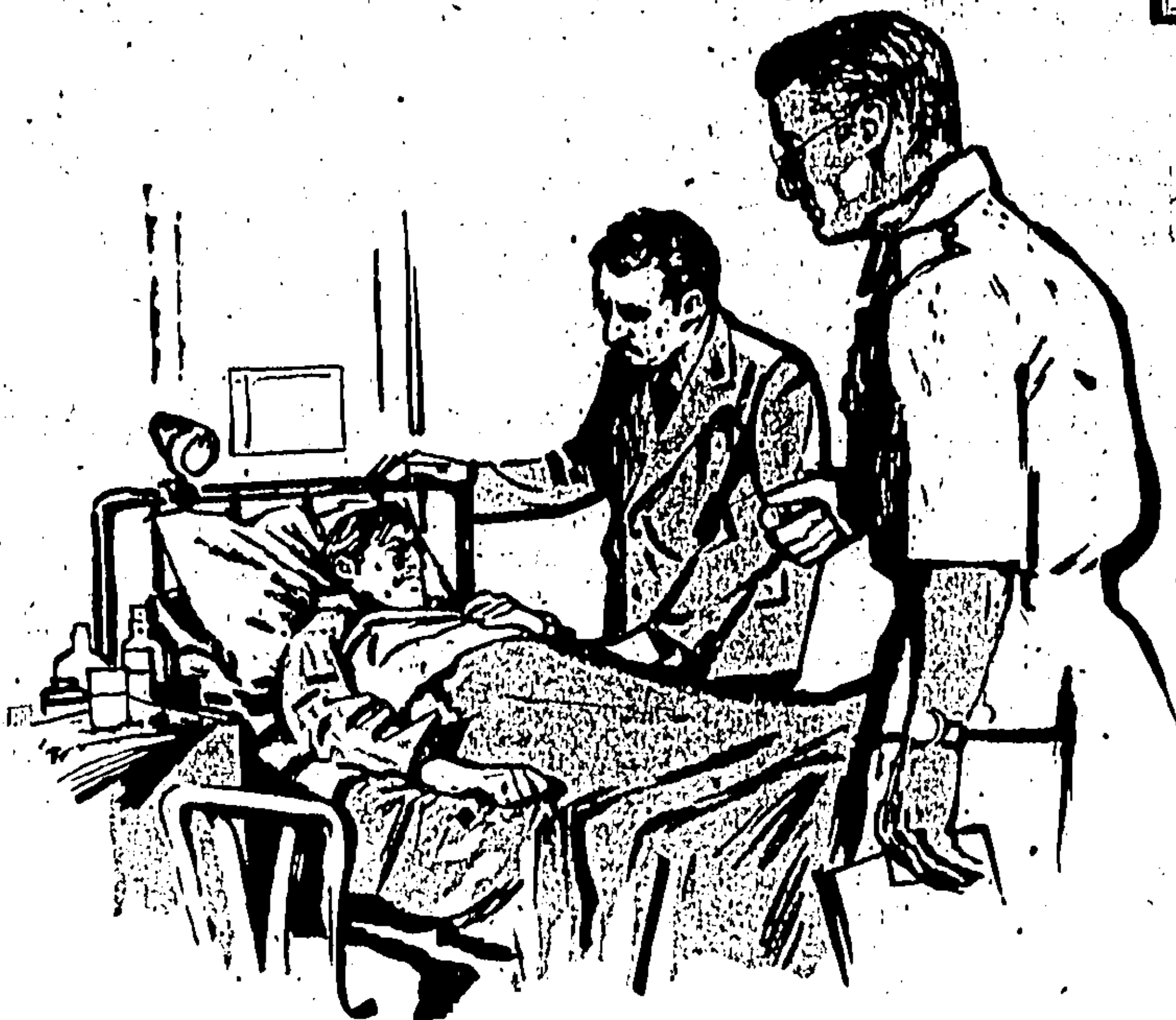
He lay there in his bed at the 15th General Hospital, only too well aware of the extent of his failure and the profound consequences of his mistake. Only a few of his friends, who visited him each day, knew that he was physically at the lowest ebb, his enormous reserves of energy sapped by months of malaria, cold, damp, and hunger; and that, mentally, he was in one of his Satanic periods, wild and the urge for self-destruction was still sinking, like a beaten but still hopeful dog, through the dark alleys of his mind.

## WORST MOMENT

HIS worst moment in Cairo came when Akavia was with him and a nurse brought in his mail. There were letters from his wife, which he put aside to read when he was alone, and one from G.H.Q., Middle East Forces.

Until this moment, despite the wound in his neck, he had still been Colonel Wingate, the victor of Ethiopia; but the letter addressed him as Major Wingate. He was back to his substantive rank, without a word of warning, once more; and no prospects in sight.

The following day, without any of his friends being informed, Major Orde Wingate was taken from hospital and loaded into an ambulance. A few days later he sailed from Suez in a hospital ship by way of the Cape for home.



THE DRAMA IN A CAIRO HOSPITAL

Wingate, pale, apathetic, roused himself to say: "I know that one day you will ask me to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Israel."

The report from the doctors in Cairo was such that in South Africa, he was taken ashore and appeared before a medical board, which included medical specialists, at Pietermaritzburg. The report which these doctors subsequently wrote (the examination took place on October 8, 1941) was forwarded to the War Office in London.

And, as Orde Wingate neared home his dilemma was not, as he had once hoped, to decide which victorious forces he would command next in the war, but whether he would be court-martialled for wounding himself to escape further service or invalided from the Army as a mental case in need of psychiatric attention.

His wife was a great comfort to him, and gave him unfailing encouragement, but there were few people, even his most fervent admirers, who imagined that Orde Wingate would ever be anything but a nervous wreck.

"He had moments when he acted like a gibbering maniac," said one of his friends. "It was heart-breaking to be with him. He was a wreck of a man."

## ADMIRATION

ONE man, however, who never lost faith in Wingate's eventual emergence from the slough of despond was his doctor, a middle-aged, stolidly-built Jew named Ben Kounine. Kounine, a man of profound knowledge and a deep-seated interest in his fellowmen, had known Wingate for a long time, and was well aware of the

tempests that were apt to rage in his brain. He admired his patient, but with something less than the adulation that other Jews had displayed towards him. His attitude to Wingate was that of a not-too-indulgent, not-too-adulatory big brother.

Kounine sympathised with the religious conflicts which blew so gustily through Wingate's mind.

It is almost certainly due to his determination that Orde Wingate, that winter of 1941, was kept in the Army and sent forth to win fame as a general in Burma.

Kounine was determined to rout the attempts of Wingate's enemies to get him either court-martialled or sacked. To that end, he enlisted the aid of a distinguished colleague. He asked King George VI's doctor, Lord Horder, if he would see Wingate's medical record and agree to do so.

Kounine believes it is almost certain that Lord Horder's personal intervention saved the day.

Wingate believed it is almost certain that Lord Horder's personal intervention saved the day.

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LORD HORDER  
He sympathised, acted.

said again to Kounine: "He owes his success to large measure to your help and initiative and to our mutual perspicacity."

His determination to share the credit with Kounine was the typical gesture of a very great man.

So Orde Wingate emerged from the worst moments of his life, still alive, still in the Army, still a major.

He spent some time with his wife, and slowly his mental condition changed from gnawing misery (or its alternative, panic hysteria) to optimism. God was suddenly on his side again. He was full of hope and optimism, and began busily contacting his friends in politics and the War Office to get him a new job.

New jobs of the kind he visualised in the rank for which he was obviously fitted, were not so easy to come by in the circumstances. And then, once more, General Wavell—a soldier he did not really admire—came to his rescue.

Wavell had the problem of Burma about to fall into Japanese hands, on his mind and conscience. It occurred to him that a man like Wingate might arrest the flow of the yellow-tide towards India by guerrilla methods, and he asked London for him. Almost simultaneously, a political "message" (routed not through Military channels) asked Wavell whether he could find Wingate a job.

## A THREAT

ON February 28, 1942, a note was slipped under my door: "Am en route to a new job. Would like to talk to you before I proceed."

Downstairs was Wingate. He had been urgently flown to Cairo en route for India and the Far East, and he had not changed a bit. Almost as soon as he saw me he said: "They still hate me here in the Middle East, you know. Do you know what they have done now?"

I was flown from London to Cairo. Priority One, because Wavell needs me badly; but Cairo controls the priorities from here on; and they have deliberately dropped me to Priority Three. When I complain they just leer at me."

It was true that some members of G.H.Q., Middle East, were having a schoolboy revenge for past insults from Wingate by lack of co-operation, and, in one or two cases, open derision and contempt. But was the delay in his forward flight due to anything but the exigencies of wartime transport? I could not find out. But certainly, after a non-stop flight from London to Cairo, he had to wait over a fortnight to make the next stage of the journey; and was told by a British general in my presence: "And don't try complaining to the Old Man. We'll just stop your telegram."

Wingate by this time was a pale, meek man who looked and sounded as if he had never insisted in general in his life. His neck was scarred from his suicide attempt, and he was thin and subdued.

## PROMOTION

ONLY once did we talk about his suicide attempt. We had both, by coincidence, been reading Huxley's recently published "Grey Eminence," the biography of Father Joseph, the mystic who sat at the right hand of Cardinal Richelieu. Father Joseph was much concerned with death, and used to walk the roads of France saying to himself: "Die, die, die," hoping to drop dead as an act of contrition.

"It is the negation of my own philosophy," Wingate said. "I believe in the Semitic attitude and I say to God: 'Let me live, live, live.' And it is only when I am not dead, I tempt me that I wish to die."

I mildly told him that, as a man who prided himself as a master of all sciences, and crafts, he had learned the art of suicide badly. "I know," he said. "No one told me that when you put a knife to your throat and begin to cut, the muscles tense up."

There was a note in my box from him after he had flown away. "Goodbye. Don't worry. I shall be a general yet—Major Orde C. Wingate."

Six weeks later Wavell had made him a brigadier.

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★

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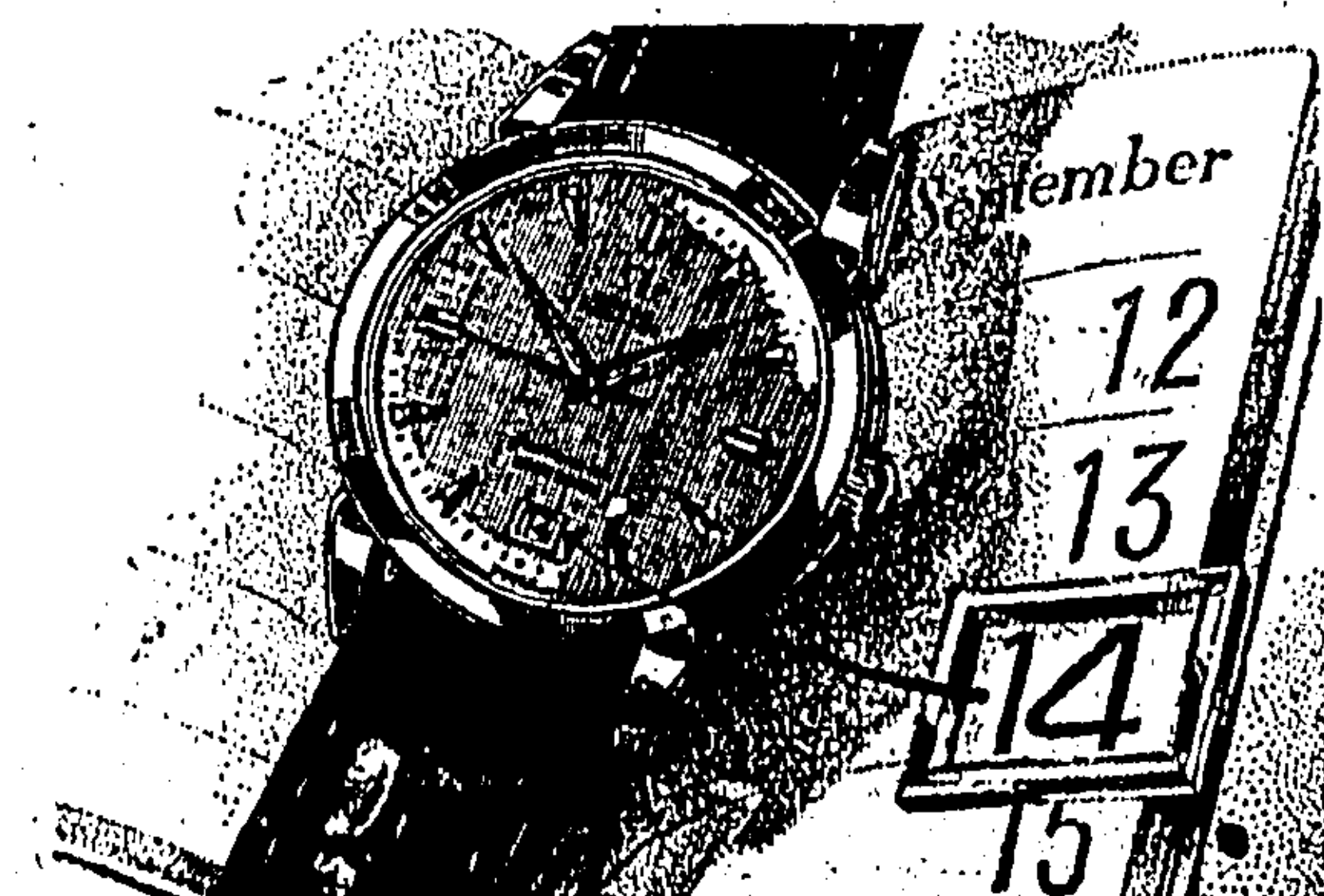
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OMEGA • *Three*

## Who else besides the cunning Cupid knows HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO FALL IN LOVE?

By MARY HAMPSON

IT'S remarkable—the speed at which the Go Slow brigade moves into action at the mention of a lightning romance.

They were quick off the mark when Orlando Sirola, the Italian tennis star, married Corise Phillips, the 21-year-old London girl he met three weeks before.

"They must be mad," they said. "What can they know of each other in so short a time?"

What does love ever know—or need to know? I once heard somebody say to an infatuated young woman, who was cataloguing the charms of the man in her life: "When you know why you love him—you don't." Which could be boredom-lashing cut, but could be true!

It's a long time since the poet sang: "I did but see her passing by, yet will I love her till I die."

Nonsense, you say? I wouldn't say it too loudly when Ursula Bloom's around. . . . Miss Bloom has been dispensing fictional romance for hundreds, and thousands of words. She's been living a real-life romance for 30 years.

"I meant to marry the man who became my husband the first time we met. I did marry him the twelfth time I saw him."

"He was an officer on board the Royal Oak, and when we were introduced I thought: 'Oh, my gosh, that's for me.' He looked so nice, you see. My husband is a very handsome man. It cost me thousands to marry him—£208,000 to be exact. I was a widow, and the money was dependent upon my remaining one."

After thirty years, she still thinks it was a fair exchange.

And what about Commander Robinson, the man she married? He remembers the first time he saw his wife because he fell for her with a splash!

"She didn't know it, but the first time I saw her was on the beach. I was swimming, and she was beautiful and stepped back to have another look, and fell right into the sea. It could have been awkward you know, there was a bit of a swell on at the time."

Some women are most endearingly honest. I find. They don't mind admitting that if they don't do the chasing, they walk a little faster!

Jill Manners, singing star of stage and television, married her agent. "I'm not telling you how long ago. But I was 17, and he was 30."

saw him. He was sitting behind an enormous desk, looking official. He had lovely wavy hair, and I thought: 'I'd love to go behind that desk and ruff up that hair.' I don't think he was very interested in me. But he promised he'd take me out when I'd made my first broadcast. He didn't know what an incentive it was! Soon after I broadcast we went out to dinner. A fortnight after that we were engaged, and six months later we were married."

Francis Ledger told his wife eight hours after he met her: "You know, I'm going to marry you one day." They were married six months later, and the wedding was fifteen years young last month.

Geoff Duke is a speed merchant on and off his motor bike. He proposed to pretty Pat Reid the week after he met her, and married her barely two months after that. He must have held the record for lightning romance.

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

"MANDRAKE NEVER TAKES ME OUT—HE THINKS WOMEN SHOULD SLAVE ALL DAY," CONTINUES NARD.

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"HE THINKS WOMEN TALK TOO MUCH SOMETIMES HE FREEZES ME WITH HYPNOSIS, YOU KNOW."

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"WOMEN TALK TOO MUCH SOMETIMES HE FREEZES ME WITH HYPNOSIS, YOU KNOW."

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"I WON'T DISCUSS THAT, BUT THEN I MET GUY—THAT SWEET MAN—"

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## By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

"SO WILLING—SO QUIET—HE LIKES TO HEAR WOMEN TALK."

SO OBEDIENT—AND SO HANDSOME AND INTERESTING—

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# WELL, NOT THAT I KNOW OF

by Robert MacDermot

● Robert MacDermot weaves a story round an incident that could have happened when he was a boy; but he might have made it up. What do you think—

## Did it happen?

I WAS 11 years old when I saw my first dead man, and he had died by violence. He was lying at the foot of my favourite copper beech, and his blue eyes, fringed by dark lashes, were gazing straight up through the branches. His hat lay beside his head and, though it was an unusually fine Irish summer's day, he was wearing the heavy belted mackintosh that was almost uniform for young men of his type.

I made up my mind to speak to him severely; although rather a shy child, I was furious at this invasion of my private sanctuary. He had certainly no right to be in my grandfather's wood—and so near the Rectory, too.

### Round hole

But then I noticed the little round hole in his forehead and the fact that his left foot was twisted under him in a way that must have been very painful to a living person. I put down my fishing-rod and net. I had been on my way to our little river to try for a few trout—and squatted beside him as I debated what to do next.

This was the time of "The Troubles" in Ireland, and there was no lack of dead young men lying in lonely places.

Even at my age I knew quite a lot of stories; indeed, living where and when we did, I could hardly have avoided them. Up till then I had thought the whole thing thrilling and romantic, as any normal boy would, but now, with the stark climax of one of the stories beside me, I was not so sure.

My grandfather's parish lay in a particularly troubled part of the country in County Derry (no Irishman ever calls it "London-derry" except in official documents) close to what later became the border of the Irish Free State. This meant that the people were a nearly equal mixture of loyalist Protestants and Nationalist Catholics, and there had been several gunfights between rival factions in our little village of Errigal.

The police barracks was permanently barricaded and defended and no sensible person went out after dark unless he had to. But my grandfather, who came of an old Southern Protestant family, was free of the fanaticism of the more extreme Ulster Orangemen and got on well with all the villagers of whatever religious convictions.

### An incident

On one occasion, this reputation of his saved us from what might well have been an ugly incident. There was a tremendous banging on the front door one night about eleven o'clock, and a voice shouting: "Open up! Open up!"

I scuttled out of bed and on to the dark landing overlooking the hall. Peering over the banisters, I saw my grandfather come out of his study, carrying a lamp, and cross to the front door. When he opened it—and it was never locked, incidentally—a man pushed past him who was wearing the inevitable mackintosh and soft hat with

And two very worrying thoughts came with him. One was the realisation that sooner or later I should have to report finding him.

Anyway, the sanctuary was only 50 yards from the Rectory, and my spaniel, bitch Dinah, now heavily occupied with puppies, was bound to find him one day and announce the fact to everyone. Nor was there the slightest chance of my being able to drag him away anywhere else. The fact that I hadn't reported the body right away didn't matter, for no one was to know which way I had gone down to the river, but it was clear to me now that report it I must.

The other thought was a subtler worry and not to be spoken of to anyone. It was simply this: I wasn't at all certain that I hadn't shot the man myself.

How that doubt could arise even for a moment needs a certain amount of background explanation.

My aunt, eldest of my grandfather's children, my mother was the youngest, with two solitary brothers in between—had never married but had stayed at home to look after her father and to organise the parish in a benevolently despotic way. But even at her then age of nearly 40 she was far from unattractive to men, and I got a lot of consciously cynical amusement from watching her progress with them.

### An admirer

Her current admirer was a picturesque character, who had been a regular soldier and who was now in the secret service or something equally hush-hush. At any rate, he had a fund of half-remembered stories about being shot at from ambush when casing round the country in his enormous car. It was a "Lynx" model, I remember, a mackerel I've never seen a head of since, and on several occasions he'd let me drive it. Or steer it, anyway.

The three of us—my aunt, himself, and I—would sit in the vast front seat while I grasped the steering-wheel and kept my foot well down on the accelerator. He manipulated the clutch and gear-lever and, more often, the hand-brake. How we avoided a succession of ghastly accidents I don't know to this day, but the police, all old friends of mine, used to wave cheerfully as I tore past, cornering like a demon.

Uncle Noel, as he asked me to call him though he was no relation, once came down to my preparatory school, further south, with a bunch of his disreputable ex-Army pals. He gave me a pound note, a box of chocolates, and then took the headmaster to the local pub whence he (the head, I mean) returned paralytic two hours later.

### Craziness

I've had to spend a moment on Uncle Noel's character in order to explain the general craziness which could lead to my supposing for one second that I had killed a man. The point was that we'd been out driving the day before and, on returning safely to the Rectory, my aunt and Uncle Noel had gone into the drawing-room while I was left to put the hood up. When I'd done so, I noticed something sticking out of the pocket in the offside door. It was a large Service automatic. Sitting in the driving seat, I aimed it out of the window and made a clicking noise with my tongue as I lightly squeezed the trigger.

The dreadful bang which followed nearly made my heart stop beating. Quivering with fright, I stuffed the thing back into the pocket and leapt out of the car.

Everyone was furious, of course; my grandfather and Uncle Noel livid with me, and my aunt with me and with Uncle Noel for leaving such a dangerous thing about where stupid and inquisitive little boys could find it. But I hadn't done any harm, I assured them passionately; I knew enough about firearms to have shot straight up into the air.

I was lying, though; I had aimed deliberately through the bushes at the bole of my copper beech.

So there we were. For all I knew, and for all the police subsequently discovered, the man might have been standing there the previous afternoon when I'd done my Wild West act.

When I got back from fishing, I told my grandfather, quite casually, of having just dis-



A man in the inevitable mackintosh pushed past... he spoke abruptly.

covered the body. After looking for himself, with apologies for entering the sanctuary, he took me down in the trap to the RIC barracks a mile away and we were back with Sergeant Magee and a couple of armed constables within half an hour.

The Sergeant was very kind in trying to shield me from the uglier details and made his usual jokes about wanting to see my driving-licence: I smiled politely, but thought contemptuously how stupid grown-ups were in not realising the amount that boys of nearly 12 knew about life, and what vital secrets they could keep.

The police never found out who the man was or how he

came there, and the only thing they knew for certain was that he'd been killed by a Service automatic, of which there were literally hundreds loose in the country. And if my family ever had any uncomfortable thoughts about the shot the day before, they certainly never mentioned them.

I hardly gave the business another thought until a few days ago, more than 30 years later, when my 14-year-old son suddenly said, "Daddy, have you ever shot a man?"

He is only half Irish, was born and brought up in London, and has never been to Ireland except on holiday. I didn't think he'd understand the whole

set-up, so I merely answered: "Not that I know of."

But perhaps I was just being stupidly grown-up and forgetting what boys know about the facts of life, and what secrets they can keep.

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### DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by...

Xan Fielding

Did yesterday's story—Ring for Her Fingers, by Xan Fielding—actually happen. The answer is YES.

## Dollar-a-year men are suspect

From JAMES COOPER

New York. NOW the investigating spotlight turns on the big-business men who help to run the Administration.

It is an American tradition that such men with the know-how should go to Washington to help the Government at a reward of only a dollar a year.

They are known as W.O.C.'s (without compensation), and their job is to advise on policies and contracts—for the good of the country.

But now the question is being asked: Are they all really working for the good of the country or do they influence contracts towards the firms they represent? So many suspicions have been aroused that the Justice Department has started an inquiry.

At last the Americans are doing something about the bane of my life over here—the soggy teabag they swish about in warm water, purporting to brew tea.

A new teapot has a clip in the lid to hold the bag. That means you do not have to fish it out when the tea is brewed.

NELL ROUSH resigns her Salvation Army commission because she has fallen in love with a ranker.

The Army rules that officers must marry officers, whereas in New York next week Lieutenant Nell, aged 30, marries Bandman Russell Sinnock, a 33-year-old Englishman from Wembley.

MY WORD, the Russians have mellowed.

Latest evidence of it, in a small way, comes from their 12 farm experts now touring the U.S.

In Iowa a U.S. official mentioned he had seen in Russia some collective farms which were "not so good."

Came, the surprising reply from the Russians' leader, Vladimir Matskevich, First Deputy Minister of Agriculture: "You don't have to say 'Not so good.' Some of our collective farms are lousy."

BRYANT BOWLES resigns as president of the National Association for the Advancement of White People.

He says: "I am resigning because of lack of interest. I don't feel like helping people who won't help themselves."

By eliminating 40 of the 4,700 forms, questionnaires and reports which the U.S. Government requires from business firms, the commission of ex-President Hoover reports it has saved the Government \$5,000,000 in a year and has saved business twice that amount.

THOSE, charcoal-grey suits, for three years the mark of the junior executive, are disappearing. Tailors report men are returning to the old medium grey but with a difference.

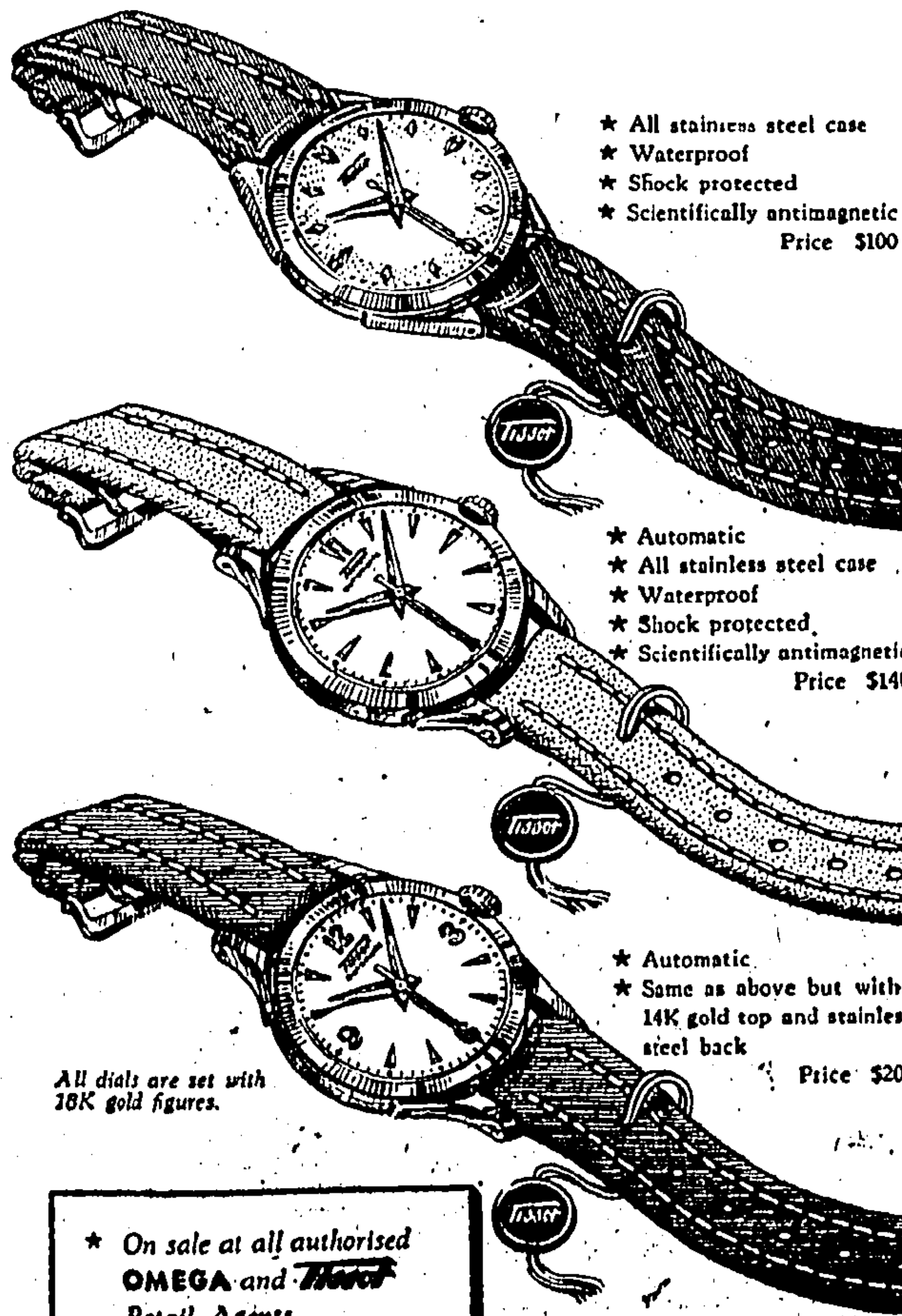
The difference is that a mixture of dacron and wool is now twice as popular as any other fabric. That is because dacron keeps the crease in the trousers much longer.

CURFEW on cats, twilight-to-dawn, has been imposed at Westbury, Long Island.

Cat-catcher Donald Boosbaum will collect \$25 from the owner of any cat caught yawning at night.

To combat teenage crime, 20,000 New York grocers are finding 30,000 jobs for school-boys during the summer holidays.

## You can afford to be proud of a Tissot...



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Over the Years . . . a Tissot will serve you faithfully.



# A FACE SHINES THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN

London. FOR half an hour the sound of thunder down river had been warning us of the coming storm. Would it rain before we got inside?

A gutted bishop in front of me hailed a view heartily enough—"And how is St. Philip's these days?" And the vicar replied, with just the right touch of easy deference, "Nicely, my Lord, especially the hebble in our choir stalls."

But each looked on the darkening sky and would gladly have sent St. Philip's and its beetles to perdition if only the queue would move a little faster.

Moving slowly through the courtyard to the library of Lambeth Palace, we tried to remember that we were pillars of Church and State on our way to meet the delegation of Russian Christians.

But all we could think of was that we had no coats or umbrellas. Then the storm broke.

One thing at least prevented the steady queue of bishops, deans, vicars and members of parliament from becoming a rabble.

Just as the rain began and lightning flashed across the sky, a car swayed into the courtyard and halted on the steps of the library.

Clearly this was a stranger from the Russian delegation.

At once, curates, who had been ready to elbow bishops from their path, and MPs who had been ready to trample ladies underfoot, made way for him;

and, as he neared shelter, a colleague I knew, who fancies himself as a linguist, said in few courteous words to him in Russian.

The ecclesiastic swept forward. Outside the library the rain poured down. "Our visitors," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "are due to go on the river this evening. Instead the river has come to them."

*There were things I have seen before and will see again, a thousand times. But in this Russian visitor I saw something new...*

by J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P.

Thunder rolled around the blacked sky. "Excuse me," said the head of the Latvian Baptist Church, "is applauding this meeting of Christians."

But inside, after the tinkle of a thousand tea-cups had dimmed, there was peace. The Archbishop made a pleasant speech, pausing at each sentence for the Russian woman interpreter to translate.

The Russian visitors, with their robes and long beards, some black, some grey, some white, stood beside him, facing us.

★

And when the Archbishop made a joke—"Our visitors have not to inflict any cricket on them"—they all laughed, even before the joke was translated, just because they saw that we were laughing.

Then they gave presents to the Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher and, by and by, the rain stopped and we all went home.

This was in English occasion. There was the rain and our impeccable manners crackling under the menace of rain and being executed by the arrival of a stranger. There was the clinking of crockery and the slightly forced goodwill. These were things that I have seen before, and will see again, a thousand times.

But there was also something which I have not seen before and may not see again. That was a face under a cap—that is the right word for the ecclesiastic but I mean—and partly covered by a beard which was wholly white. The body below the face and beard was wholly covered by long black robes and the stomach was adorned by a golden cross. But I write of the face.

That face was weather-beaten. It had seen many days in the sun and, maybe, many nights in the cold. It was lined, both with age and with fully-lived experience, and when the face smiled, there was another line—

for the eyes disappeared, not for deception or protection, but because they were no longer needed. This smile was not of external show, but of inner peace. And that peace spread over all of us.

I know that the Metropolitan Plurin of Minsk and Byelorussia had a beard and a cap and robes which obviously to an English audience helped to give him the attention of the East on which film producers play.

But this face of his was not dependent upon a surrounding atmosphere. It was the face of a man who has been through it all, come to the other side and can still believe. It was the face of hope, shining through the Iron Curtain and through the clouds that lowered over Lambeth Palace.

★

But I'll remember, too, the face of my Russian-speaking colleague as we left. On the doorstep we met once again the dark-bearded ecclesiastic whose arrival had reminded us of our manners.

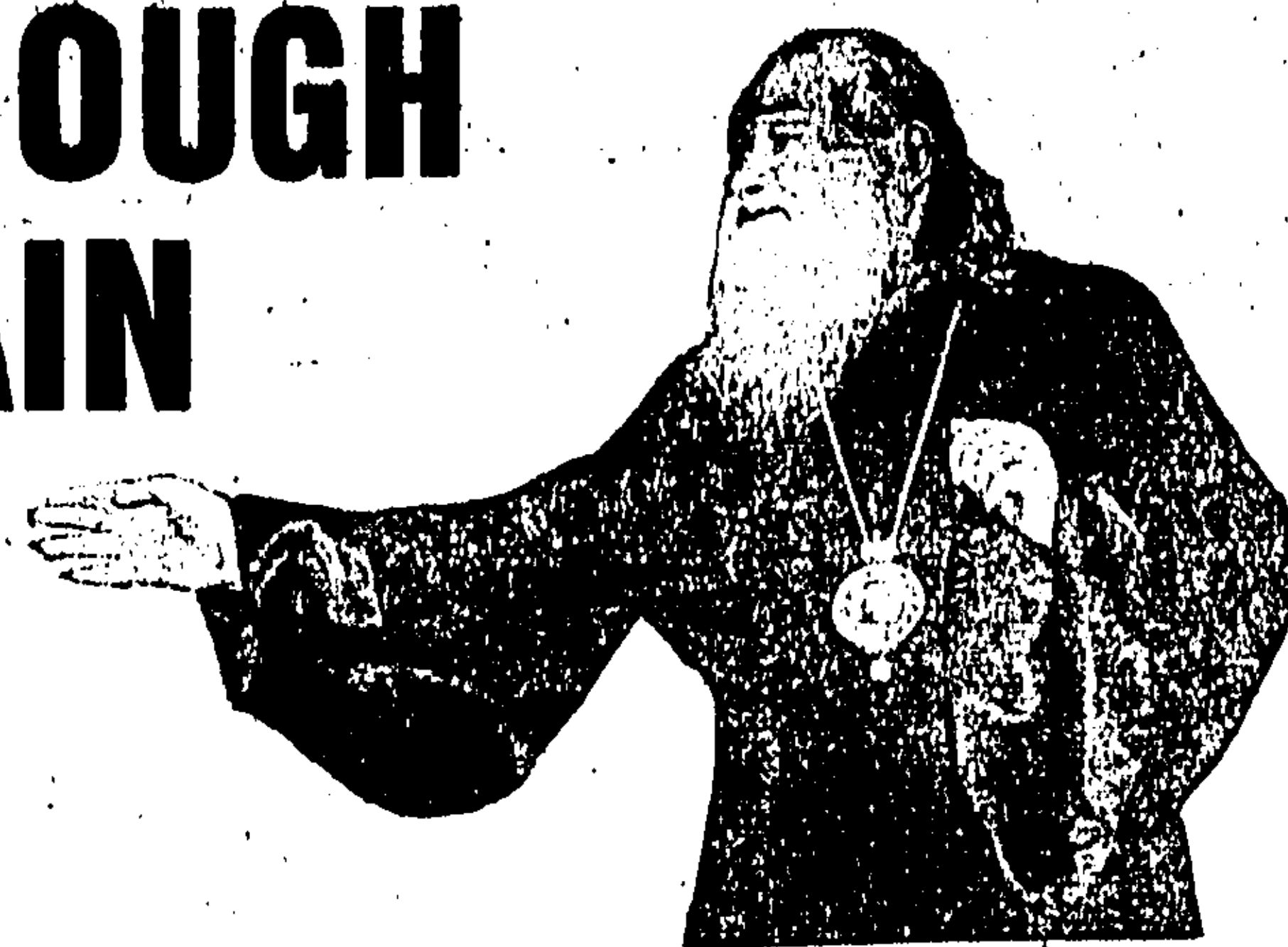
He looked at the pair of us and said, "I say, if really was so friendly nice of you fellows to let me in out of the rain."

It transpired that he was the representative of some "White" Russian sect, had lived in London three 35 years and should, therefore, have taken his chance and his turn in the rain.

The bishop and I both then used did not let us forget either the peace we had felt at the sight of the Metropolitan's face or that, after all, this was an English occasion.

★

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a trip to an Indian railroad

junction located—for the time being—in Surrey

"Bhowani Junction," Nr. Hindhead.

THE lips said to be "like morning dew on poppies" closed over a stick of chewing gum. Ava Gardner, the Aphrodite of the atom-age, the bullfighters' moment of truth, chewed steadily as she listened to the voice coming over the loudspeaker.

"Casualties and corpses," it said, "when you break for lunch do NOT take off your wounds, blood or bandages. Or you'll only have to put them back on again."

A "mangled corpse" propped himself up on one elbow and said: "Lunch? Did I hear someone say lunch?"

Panic first

A mortally injured stretcher case roared: "Wait for it. We're doing the panic first."

Miss Gardner said: "I have some gum."

I said: "No, thank you."

Over on our right at the bottom of an embankment five railway coaches were telescoped together in a most realistic reconstruction of a train crash.

"Took the art department two weeks to do," said an assistant director. It's a marvellous wreck, isn't it?

Up on the embankment another train—the Ava Gardner Special—one of the few that are still running these days, moved "into shot."

Two hundred extras, representing the victims of the train crash, lay on the ground.

"This is nothing," said the publicity man, "we had thousands of extras for the riot scenes we did in Pakistan."

They were scenes for the film "Bhowani Junction". A woman with a silver sprayer came over to Miss Gardner. Began to spray.

"Eau de Cologne?" I asked.

"No."

"Chanel No. 5?"

"Swat," said Miss Gardner. "Glycerine. Only stuff that shows up like sweat on the screen. Terrible stuff."

"A little more blood on Miss Gardner, please," called an assistant director.

"Oh, dear," said Miss Gardner.

Dirty face

A man with a bottle of "blood," correctly pigmented for Eastmancolor, came over and reverently splashed some over Miss Gardner's already mud-stained white ear.

I said I was not in the film and did not require splashing with blood, correctly pigmented for Eastmancolor.

A loose strand of hair fell over Miss Gardner's face. A very dirty face.

I said: "You look terrible." Everybody seemed enormously pleased.



Whisper in my ear,  
(said Granger to Miss Gardner)

how much do you get?

by

THOMAS WISEMAN

"Why do you do all this?" I asked her, "since you don't like acting and hate fame?"

"For the money, of course," she said. "It's tough, but it is better than being a short-hand typist. Don't tell me you like YOUR job."

I said I was afraid I did rather. You met such interesting people.

"Such as who?"

"Such as the fabulous Miss Gardner," I said gallantly.

"You think I'm interesting? Well! Perhaps we're not so interesting to ourselves."

I said: "Now come, that's just inverted egotism."

"No," she said. "I'm a simple girl. A farmer's daughter."

"I can't think where I got the bad blood. The bad blood that got me into this business. Anyway, it was just a fluke that got me into pictures. I'm no actress. I don't enjoy making films. I just enjoy making money."

She certainly makes enough of that for it to be most enjoyable. Her salary is reputed to be £80,000 a picture. This enables her to spend more on excess baggage than a normal family need to live on for a year. It enables her when she goes on location to bring her coloured maid along to look after her puppy.

Stewart Granger, who plays one of Miss Gardner's lovers in the film, joined us and said: "Let's face it, we're both grossly overpaid."

"You may be," said Miss Gardner, "but I'm not."

"I bet you're getting more than I am," said Mr. Granger.

"I bet you I'm not," said Miss Gardner.

"Whisper in my ear," said Mr. Granger. "We don't want Wiseman to know how much we're making."

They whispered in each other's ear.

"Heavens," said Miss Gardner. "I AM getting more. Well, we're both being underpaid."

For the record, Miss Gardner is still married to Frank Sinatra.

"What sort of man do you want to marry?" I asked helpfully, thinking I might be able to recommend somebody.

"I'm not going to talk to you about that," said Miss Gardner, "not as a newspaperman, anyway."

So I am afraid I cannot tell you anything about Miss Gardner's ideal man.

But I can tell you that Miss Gardner is not going short of suitors.

Even in her blood-spattered car, even with her face covered in dirt, she is extraordinarily beautiful. Even, I am surprised to say, when she is chewing gum.

## What Did The "Summit" Wives Talk About?

From JOAN HARRISON

Geneva. WHAT did the wives of the world's "men of destiny" talk about when they got together?

Madame Lucie Faure, wife of the French Premier, gave me the answer over a cup of tea on the terrace of the villa overlooking Lake Geneva where she and her

husband were staying during the Big Four conference.

It was quiet and peaceful there after the hubbub in Geneva. Madame Faure, a slim, beautifully-dressed woman, her long fair hair styled in a chignon, told me that Lady Eden, Mrs. Eisenhower and she spent a long time comparing the differences in their lives.

"Lady Eden," said Madame Faure, "whom I find extremely 'sympathique,' told me that when she and her husband are alone together they talk politics a lot. She says that she follows every detail of his political life and gives him her personal views on whatever he is working on."

Non-committal

"I asked her if he ever took her advice but she was non-committal and said she didn't always know whether he did or not. She asked me how long I thought my husband would continue to be Prime Minister."

Madame Faure laughed: "I told her we believed it would be quite a while."

"It is of course easier for me to talk with Lady Eden because she speaks French fluently. Mrs. Eisenhower, who is a friendly, spontaneous woman, does not speak a word of the language, so we have to talk in English—and I'm afraid I don't speak it as well as I should."

"I asked her how she was spending her time in Geneva and she laughed and said she spent a good deal of the day knitting. I gathered that she did not expect to go out much."

Likes to relax

"Do I talk over the political situation with my husband? Well, not often, because when he comes home he likes to relax. But you know I'm a journalist myself. I have edited a political review for the past ten years. So I have my own ideas."

"When I met Marshal Bulganin the other evening at dinner he couldn't have been more friendly. I have met Soviet diplomats many times before and I have never known them to be so relaxed."

"M. Bulganin and I talked a lot about Russia which I have already visited, and M. Bulganin said why didn't I come again, any time I liked, and he would be delighted to receive me. I said I was afraid that the commitments of my husband and myself wouldn't allow us to go right away and I supposed that he wouldn't be able to come to Paris. I don't see why not," said M. Bulganin. "If I invited I shall certainly come."

"M. Krushchev I found more reserved. He is harder to talk to and not quite so relaxed as M. Bulganin."

Cool yellow

Madame Faure, who was dressed in a cool yellow frock, made by the Paris fashion house of Jacques Fath, told me she had brought only simple summer dresses with her. Did she and the other wives talk about clothes? "Yes a little," replied Madame Faure. "I think Lady Eden is a very pretty woman. Photographs don't do her justice."

"Like myself she has friends who live in and around Geneva and have been visiting them. I have been driving myself about in my own small car. I can't be bothered with official escorts."

The contrast between the Faures' villa and the houses of the other delegations was great. Whereas the other villas bristled with guards and police with Tommy guns, there were only two collectors at the entrance to "Pavlovsk". I gave my name and drove up simply to the front door where I was received by a smiling French butler. Not a gun in sight. Quite a change from the Eisenhower villa which one wasn't allowed to look at even from a boat on the Lake.

## So you can't SLEEP?

Fifty people come to the aid of the toss-and-turn brigade, with a batch of cures for insomnia

by PETER DACRE

SLEEPING badly? That has been the complaint of many people.

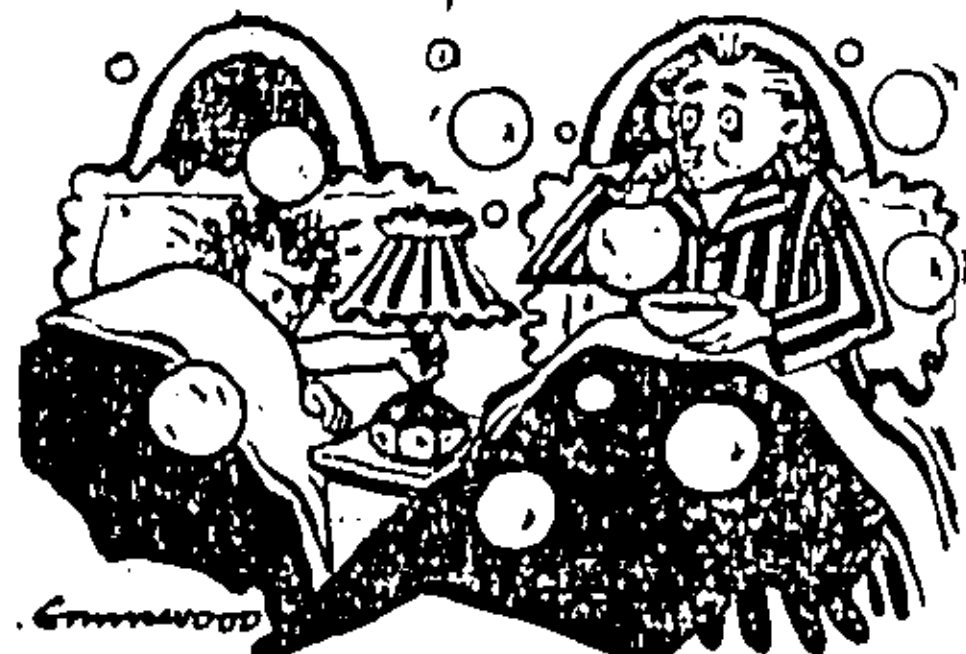
But not of author John St John. He is a good sleeper. So good that he dozed off while reading a manuscript his publisher had sent him. He woke up musing about the mystery of sleep.

Now he is preparing a book on the subject. He has found that insomnia is age-old. A sleepless Saxon hopefully placed a goat's horn under his pillow. In the Middle Ages they believed in the sleep-giving properties of a hedgehog's left eye fried in oil.

Once it was thought that insomnia could be cured by wearing next to the skin a dead cuckoo wrapped in hare skin.

PRAYER, SONG

But how do people find sleep nowadays—when modern life makes it more elusive than ever? To find out, St John invited people to tell him about "sleep inducing tricks."



Now he has some 50 proved cures for insomnia. Many of the sheep-counting variety. Repeat the words of old songs and poems. Learn by heart all the titles of Shakespeare's plays.

But St John has also uncovered some odd tricks. An engineer wrote:

"Having prepared myself for bed, I open back the bedding. Then standing by the bedside I spin myself round rapidly until completely dizzy. Falling into bed I can only just pull the covers over myself before I am in a deep and heavy slumber."

And here is one for housewives—

"I mentally return houses I have lived in when a child. I go over the house room by room, replacing the furniture exactly in its old positions with as much detail as possible. Very few rooms get done before I fall asleep."

Still awake? Try rotating the forefingers of both hands in

circles. If you are not asleep by the time your fingers feel as though they are falling off, carry on doing it in your imagination.

Or you can relax completely, breathe through the nose, and count each breath.

HARD TASK

Of course, psychology comes into it. If you think of a task which you hate and threaten yourself with an hour or two of it, "the very thought of it is almost bound to induce sleep."

Perhaps the oddest tip of all is the soap-bubble trick. You imagine a many-coloured soap-bubble and try to see inside it.

If all these have failed I pass you on to St John's wife Diana. She thinks she has found the best sleep-inducer of them all: "Researching into the subject of sleep in the British Museum."

## How To Beat The Heat

BY A DOCTOR

"Oh, doctor, I can't stand the heat. It makes me so tired."

That's what some of my patients say to me. But need they worry? No. For most people in normal health heat may mean some discomfort, but it will do them no harm.

And food should be cut down during hot weather. Hot, starchy carbohydrate, particularly bread and potatoes, is best eliminated altogether, if possible.

Large quantities of food drinks are also a mistake in humid heat. The cooling effect is very temporary, and the increased volume of fluid quickly stimulates the sweat glands even

further, thereby increasing the hot, sticky feeling.

Many people, in spite of the heat, still take vigorous exercise, and for them there are special dangers. Excessive sweating can easily wash too much salt out of the body and reduce the salt content of the blood to such an extent that severe muscular cramp is induced.

If you must play tennis in the mid-day sun, you must take more salt with your food than usual. Probably everybody would benefit from an occasional glass of salt water—a teaspoonful to a pint.

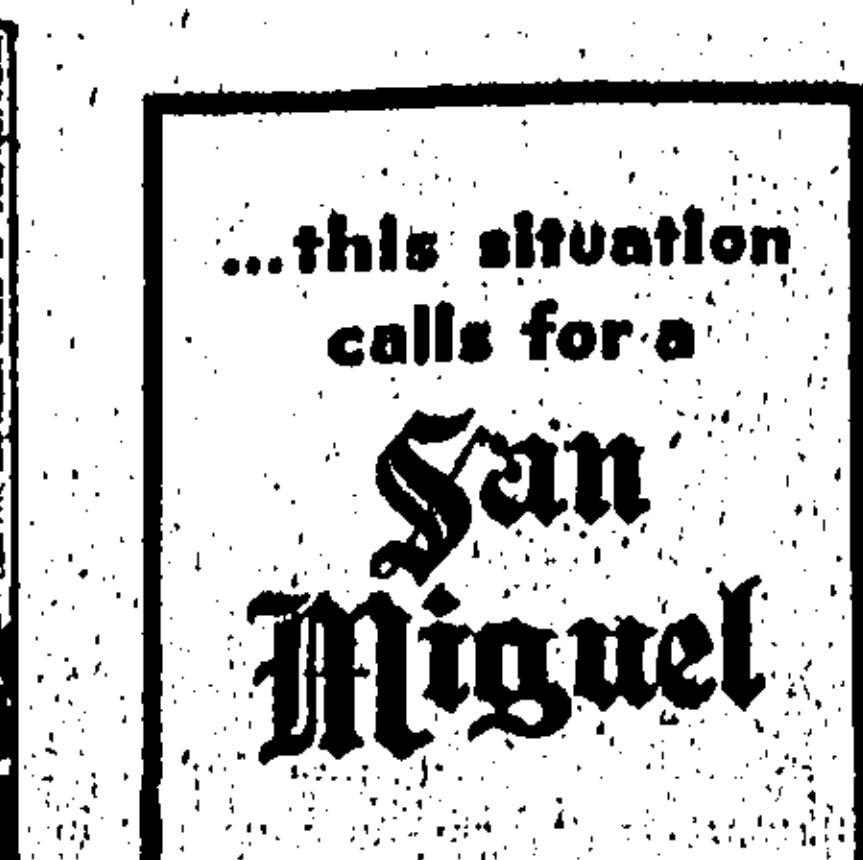
If a little commonsense is applied in the choice of dress and diet, the hot weather could be enjoyable.

POCKET CARTOON  
By OSBERT LANCASTER



"But the trouble is we shall all assume it's just some fool going through the sound-barricade, and miss the whole thing!"

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a  
**San Miguel**



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES presents GIVENCHY in holiday designs for YOU

## Pack a bit of Paris in your bag...

IT'S ALWAYS A GIMMICK THAT CATCHES THE EYE

THE big fashion event of every woman's year is her summer holiday. It is for those two or three weeks away that we shop and save, diet and tan, try things on and cut things out and run things up.

How do you time your permanent wave? To be right for your summer holiday.

When do you wear your oldest clothes? The week before your summer holiday.

So I flew to Paris to talk to one of the world's master designers of the holiday clothes—Hubert de Givenchy.

I WENT to see what's new in colours, fabrics, shapes.

I WENT to persuade him to design some accessories specially for you.

FOUR BRAND-NEW PARIS ACCESSORIES ARE ON THIS PAGE TODAY. ALL WERE PLANNED BY GIVENCHY TO BE MADE OR ADAPTED FOR YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY BY YOU.

"What sort of fabrics and colours are you using for holiday clothes?" I asked Givenchy first. Because fabric is always the key to fashion.

HE TOLD ME he is using masses of pastels, especially white, pale rose, pink, pale turquoise. He is using mostly plain fabrics—only a few small, delicate prints.

IDEA FOR YOU: Make your last-minute dress a plain one. Don't wear the ten millionth floral on the beach.

HE TOLD ME about his newest idea in belts—it was still in the half-designed, buckram stage. A wide belt with a huge buckle is shaped to wear below the waist, giving a long-body look to a normal-waisted dress.

IDEA FOR YOU: Make one yourself in a stiff, shiny fabric. The diagram shows the cut.

HE TOLD ME that he loves travelling as a fabric for accessories.

IDEA FOR YOU: Line the brim of any big beach or garden hat in white towelling. Cover your beach bag to match.

HE SHOWED ME his holiday jewellery, and the prettiest was spiky coral mixed with white beads, coral (surprisingly) with fake diamonds or amethysts.

IDEA FOR YOU: A new way to mix your beads.

HE TOLD ME that his favourite holiday accessory is a cardigan—in fabric, not knitting. He likes shantung, with knitted edges and welt.

IDEA FOR YOU: Cut one from any cardigan pattern in cotton, silk, or shantung.

HE SHOWED ME all manner of fantasies, especially enormous hats with big crowns—coachmen's hats, gardeners' hats.

And square-lensed sun-glasses with frames of bamboo or printed suede.

And square parasols, exotic fans, closed-in meccasin shoes.

AND I TOLD HIM about the biggest problem of a holiday in a seaside resort—keeping tidy in the wind. Whether it's an open car or a so-called sheltered beach, there's always a gale, to turn you into a goliath.

IDEA FOR YOU: A hood-cum-gilet, light as air in pink shantung.

They all add up, these accessories, to a lot of gaiety for a little trouble, a lot of imagination behind something that's quite simple to wear.

That's French dressing.



PICTURES BY DAVID OLIN

● PACK A BIT OF PARIS in the shape of towel cloth. Take a beach or garden hat (the deep-crowned kind is newest) and line the brim with white towelling.



● PACK A CARDIGAN of flimsy fabric. Make it of pink shantung, and knit the edgings in a fine one-and-one rib.



● PACK A HOOD with scarf ends to belt or fling your neck. There's a cutting diagram below.



● PACK A WIDE BELT to drop scarf ends to belt or fling your waistline. Make it of satin, lined, padded and stitched with a big buckle (diagram below).



SCALE: 1 SQUARE=4 INCHES

## Crisp Look For Summer

By HELEN FOLLETT

NOW is the time to look crisp as a lettuce leaf, fresh as a daisy. The big question is: "How can I be my prettiest in this warm weather?"

Baths are important. In warm weather, they are necessary above all things. It has also cosmetic value and helps to keep complexion free of blemishes. There's nothing like daintiness to make a girl look immaculately lovely.

A shower is refreshing after hours outdoors. A rinsing scrub-bath is essential to remove all traces of perspiration. Don't friction too heavily with the bath towel; it may cause you to perspire. Just blot yourself dry. And don't forget to use a good deodorant.

The complexion requires cream to keep it soft, but a fragrant, stringent will cause redness, glands to clog up their activities. If skin is oily, one of these toxic lotions can be used before powdering. They help to give the skin a fresh appearance.

To look cool, it is an excellent idea to wear hair brushed away from the face. A few wide waves, soft curls, a sleek, sculptured hairline combined to impart smartness and distinction. As for perfumes, heavy scents are for the winter season. Select a light, scented aerosol and be shiny with it.

## Romance Grows If Light Glows

GIRLS, turn the lights on — not off — if you are seeking romance.

So advises the American Home Lighting Institute, which says that good lighting can do more to improve a woman's looks than the most expensive of cosmetics.

The Institute suggests that women use the same lighting techniques long known to photographers, artists and stage technicians. "Proper lighting creates sources of light in the room, facial lines and shadows, puts highlights in your

hair, and makes the complexion seem softer and younger looking," said the Institute.

The trick: use balanced, diffused lighting, with care, fully chosen downlight for dramatic effect. But avoid at all costs a strong direct light coming from one side of the face.

Indirect light, cast on ceiling and walls which then reflect it back into the room, is most desirable, the experts said. As important as the source and kind of light is its colour. The warm white fluorescent lamps, as well as to dress and accessory colours, the Institute said. If you want to be more daring, you can even buy a magenta hue.

"But whatever you do, keep the lights on if you want to catch your man," the Institute concluded.—United Press.

## The Begum Reveals THE SECRET OF REAL ELEGANCE

YVETTE Labrousse, who started out as "Miss France" and wound up as the Begum Aga Khan, is now a faithful Moslem.

The lovely woman who is married to one of the world's wealthiest men was brought up in moderately humble circumstances, the daughter of a good bourgeois family in Lyon.

Her first claim to fame was in 1930 when she was elected "Miss France", queen of the bathing beauties.

It was not until 14 years later that she met and married the fabulous Aga Khan, spiritual leader of millions of faithful Moslems.

For love of her husband—30 years her senior—Yvette Labrousse adopted the Moslem religion in 1944 and was rechristened "Ome Habibah," which is the name of Mohammed's last wife and means in Arab "mother of the well-beloved."

Last year the Begum made the difficult and arduous pilgrimage to Mecca which each good Moslem is required to make at least once.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

Dressed in the cotton gown of the pilgrim, and barefoot as the law requires, she carried out each of the required rites for five blistering days during which the temperature never sank below 118 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

It was so hot that the Begum was forced to remove her glasses because the hot metal burned the bridge of her nose and the soles of her feet were scorched by the marble walls.

The aging Aga Khan himself has never made the pilgrimage to Mecca and it seems unlikely his health will permit him to make it now in the prescribed summer season.

If the Begum had her way she would spend most of her time in the magnificent villa the Aga Khan has built for her at Cannes, in the hills overlooking the Riviera. It is called "Yakymour," a contraction of "Yaki," the Aga's pet name for his fourth wife, and "Amour" the French word for love.

The cream-coloured house with its terraced gardens, its swimming pool and its period furniture and works of art is air conditioned for the summer months.

## PLENTY OF SLEEP

The swimming pool, in the shape of a vase, is filled with sea water brought 1,200 feet above sea level to the house by a special fleet of water wagons and the water is heated in the winter time.

When she is at home the Begum rises at 11:00.

She says the secret of health and of beauty is plenty of sleep. No matter where she is, or what she is doing, she insists on a full quota of rest.

After a light breakfast of tea, buttered toast and marmalade, she walks through the gardens, talks to the gardeners

and occasionally lends a hand herself in trimming the sweet-smelling fruit trees. The garden is planted so that there are flowers in bloom from earliest spring to late autumn.

She lunches with the Aga and usually, in the early afternoon, the Begum takes a drive in the wheel of her black Citroën while her husband rests.

From time to time she visits an old people's home she has founded in Cannes or drops in to see retired artists and other old friends, many of whom are partially or wholly supported by her bounty.

## VARIOUS HOBBIES

She is also an amateur photographer and has recently taken to sculpture and painting. She modelled a bust of the Aga Khan last year which has been much admired by her artist friends but now she has just about given up sculpturing for painting.

"I'm better at modelling," she admits with a laugh, "but I love to use colours".

The Begum would like to stay all year at Cannes, yet she is seldom in one spot more than a month or two.

The first of May, the Khans leave Cannes for London—the Belton derby—then it is to Paris for the horse racing season at Longchamps and Auteuil, a short stay at the fashionable northern bathing resort of Deauville, several weeks in Aix-les-Bains, where the Aga Khan takes the water cure, and the end of the summer is spent in Switzerland.

In September, they return to Yakymour, but in November, the Aga Khan and the Begum leave for Egypt to spend the winter. This year they intend to buy a villa at Assuan in Egypt where the dry climate agrees with the aged Aga Khan who has suffered severe respiratory ailments in recent years.

## PICTURE OF CHIC

The Begum Khan is a picture of chic. Of a majestic carriage with lovely dark hair and an oval face, she dresses simply but with unmistakable elegance. Her favourite colours in dress are green, cream and pearl grey and she says simplicity is the key to beauty in dress. She has this advice to offer: "Be simple. Avoid all that strikes the eye harshly. Wear neutral colours and above all make sure that the cut of whatever you wear is good—that is the secret of real elegance."

In her wardrobe are at least 60 lovely suits which she likes to wear at home at Yakymour.

Her jewels reportedly are valued at more than 1,000,000,000 francs.

The Begum owns a Persian cat "Shirazi" and a parrot named "Mittou" who shouts "Allou" when the telephone rings and "Entrez!" (come in) when someone knocks at the door.

The cat and the parrot have one thing over the Begum—they can spend all their time at Yakymour.—United Press.

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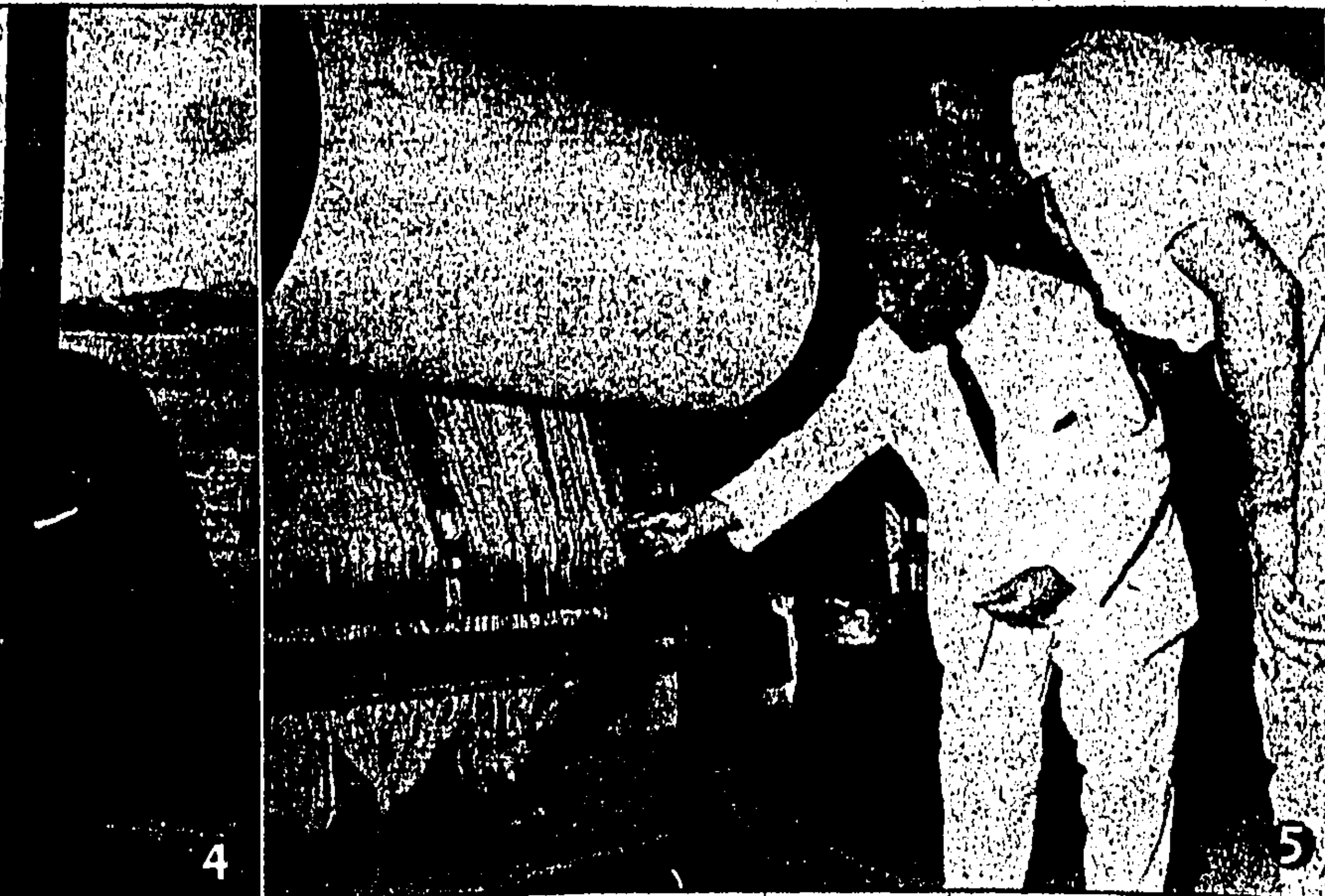
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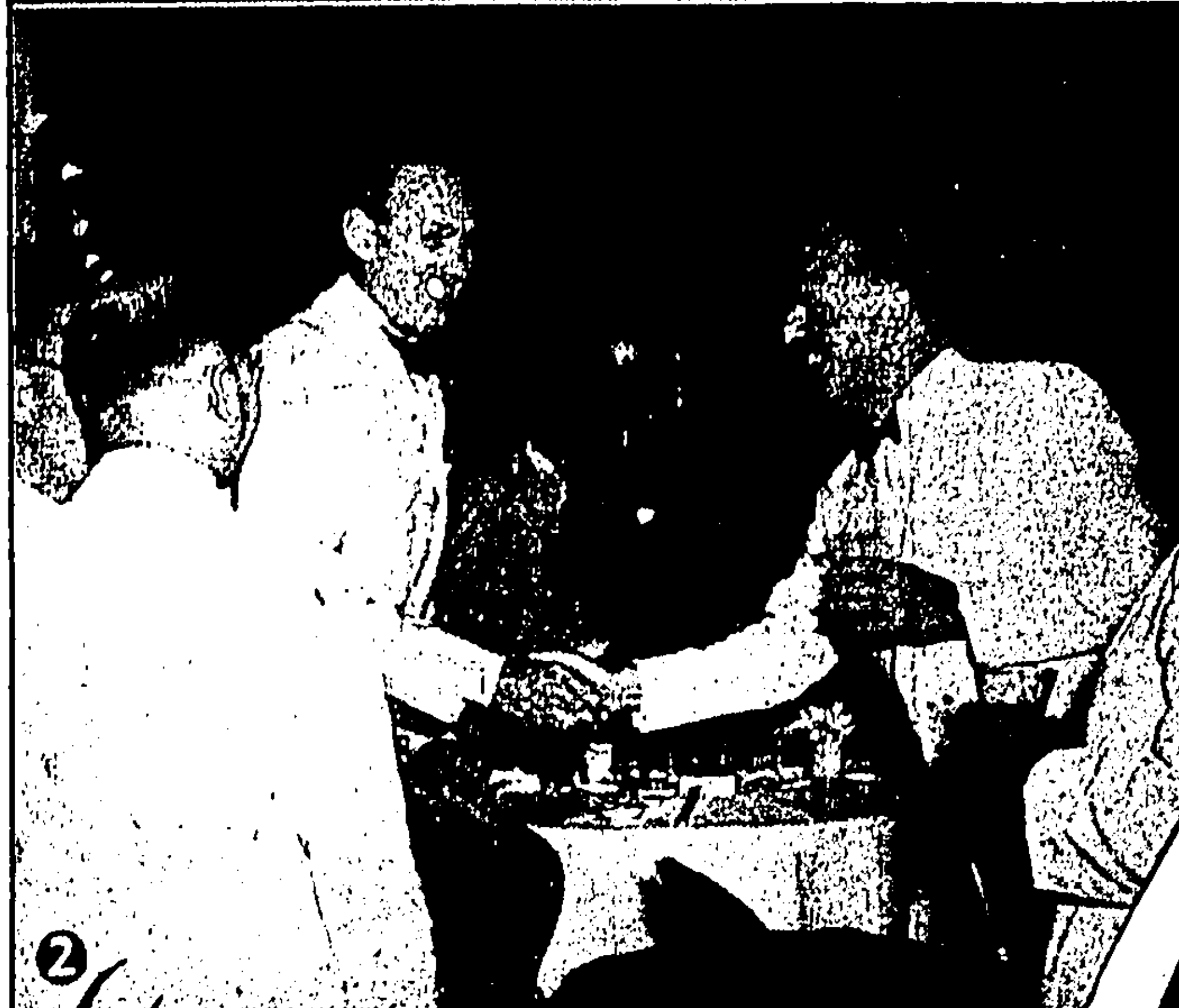
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## SECRETARY OF STATE'S VISIT

THE Rt Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd have spent a very busy week here. 1. The Secretary of State and His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with Mr H. Ching at the Government House Garden Party. 2. Mr Lennox-Boyd at the dinner given in his honour by Executive and Legislative Council members. 3. Sightseeing from the Peak. 4. Kowloon squatter resettlement plans being explained to the Secretary of State by Mr D. R. Holmes. 5. On his visit to local factories, Mr Lennox-Boyd listens to Mr C. D. Silas at a cotton mill (Staff Photographer).



AT the cocktail party given by Officers of the U.S. aircraft carrier, Philippine Sea, at the Correspondents' Club. Left to right: Captain H. L. Ray, the carrier's commander, Mrs Jackson, Mr S. J. Jackson, Brig. R. H. Bollamy and Mr G. M. Hughes. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The new British Ambassador to the Philippines, Mr G. L. Clutton (extreme left), pictured with Mr P. G. F. Dalton, Political Advisor to the Hongkong Government, on his arrival here early this week. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Hongkong Combined Services chess team playing the Dutch Club at the Peninsula Hotel before sailing to play a series of games in Singapore. In foreground is Captain (Miss) P. A. Sunnucks, of the Services team. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Sports Club members who were honoured by HM the Queen in the recent Birthday List were fêted by their fellow members on Thursday. From left: Mr J. Jolly, who was awarded the CMG, the Hon. C. E. M. Terry, awarded the OBE, Mr Mak Hing-wing (Chairman of the Club), the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, awarded the OBE, Mr E. G. Wei, Mr H. Hong Sling, Mr A. J. Kew and Mr H. J. Tebbutt. (Staff Photographer)



CRAFTSMAN PARTRIDGE, star swimmer of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who won several prizes at last Saturday's annual swimming sports of the Corps, pictured with his trophies. (Staff Photographer)

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SIR Robert Ho Tung, who flew to London to receive the accolade of Knight Commander of the British Empire from Her Majesty the Queen, returned to Hongkong last Monday. He is seen greeted at Kai Tak Airport by Mr. C. J. R. Dawson, Honorary ADC to HE the Governor. (Staff Photographer)



MRS S. E. Faber speaking at the St James's Settlement bazaar which she opened last Saturday. Also in picture are Mrs. Forest Rittgers and Bishop Ronald Hall. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: M. Yan Man-ling, Hongkong industrialist, crowning Miss Lam Ying-har "Miss Exhibition" after the recent Hongkong Products Fair held in Singapore.



MRS F. I. Tseung, who distributed the prizes at the annual speech day of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association Free School, receiving a bouquet from little Miss Young Ying-yeo. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Presentation of diplomas at the Evening School of Higher Chinese Studies. Miss Linda Young is receiving her diploma from Prof. Gordon King, Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)

AT the first dinner dance, held at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday, of the Federation of Teachers of Services Schools. From left: Mrs. McLeod-Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Pugh, Lt-Col A. McLeod-Young, Mrs. Stanley and Mr. F. J. Stanley. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the dinner dance held aboard the mv Victoria by the Hongkong Round Table. Upper picture: The Hon. M. W. Turner, Mrs. A. M. Rodrigues, Mrs. R. P. Moodie and Mr. P. Sellars. Lower: Mrs. P. Sellars, Mr. R. P. Moodie, Mrs. M. W. Turner and Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues. (Staff Photographer)

MR Brook Bernacchi (second from left) entertained to a bon voyage dinner at the Blue Eagle Restaurant last Saturday evening by members of the Reform Club. Mr Bernacchi, who is chairman of the Club, is spending his first leave in England since the war. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Prof. S. I. Hsiung, who became famous for his English adaptation of "Lady Precious Stream," speaking on "East and West—They Sometimes Meet" at the British Council. (Staff Photographer)



We have received a nice range of plain coloured COLLAR ATTACHED SHIRTS from our friends AUSTIN REED'S.

The material is two fold Egyptian cotton.

The colours are

White  
Cream  
Biscuit  
Pale blue  
Light grey  
and  
Light green.

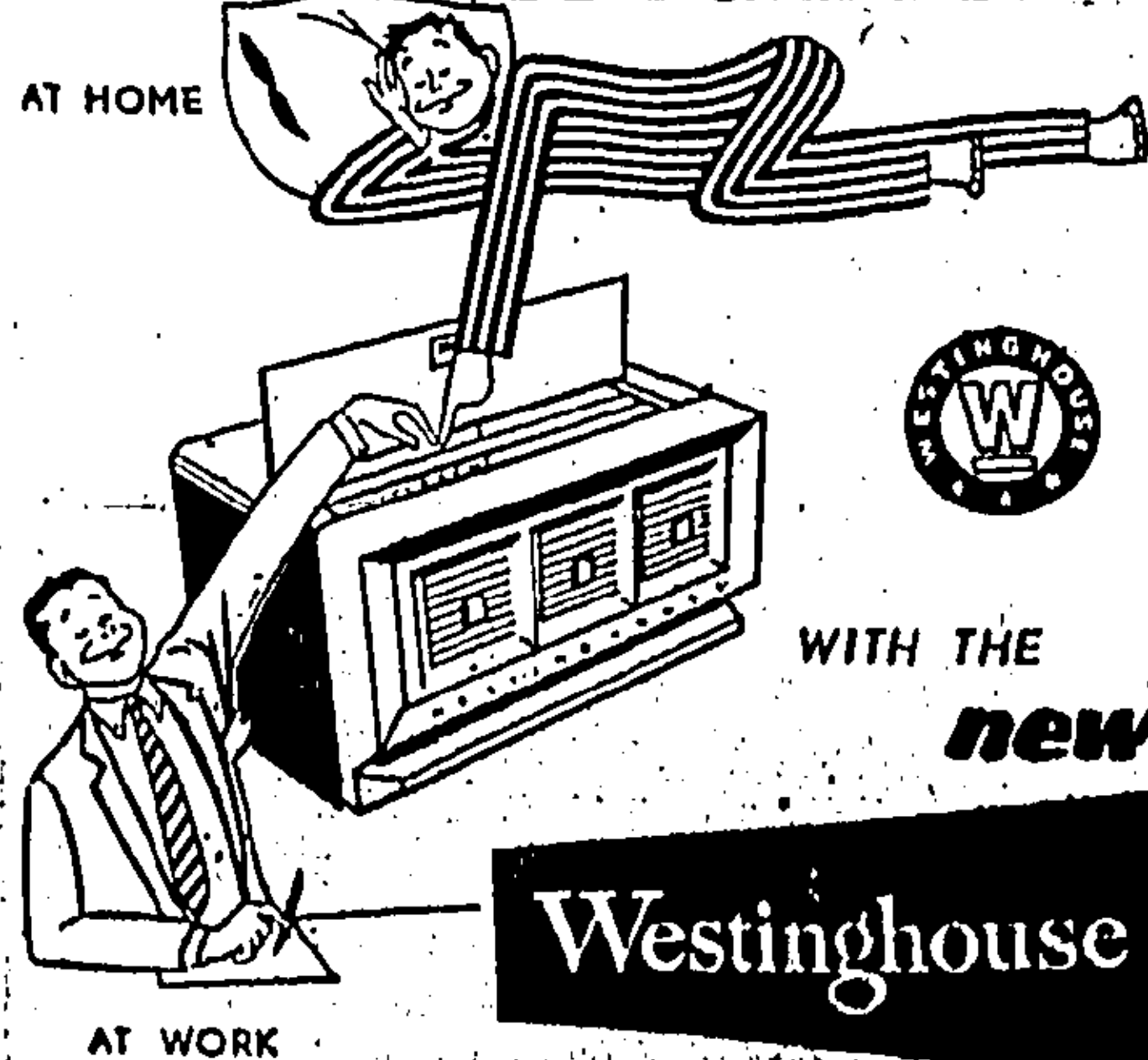
They have one pocket and button cuffs.

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THE 1st Company, Hongkong Rangers, was formed this week. Some of the girls are seen taking their oath before Mrs A. Hooton, Deputy Girl Guides Commissioner. (Staff Photographer)





# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Helen Burke shows how to prepare another meal that is different....for the hostess who is different

## We Put the Accent on Economy...and invite a debutante to a low-budget lunch

London.  
FOR the fifth of our Special Occasion lunches, Eileen Ascroft and I decided that we would give a "budget" meal—that is, one economising not only in cost but also in time, the kind of meal a young housewife, perhaps a bride, or a busy business girl, entertaining for the first time, might like to serve.

As our chief guest we invited Anna Massey, who besides making a very successful appearance in "The Reluctant Debutante," also appears recently at her own party as a debutante in real life.

Our other guest, Anna's "opposite," as it were, was Peter Thorne, a young architect. Thorne, again, as before, I consulted Raymond Postgate and let him choose the wines which would accompany the food. They were to be as inexpensive as possible and they were at 6s. 6d. a bottle each.

### NO SWEET

I HAD planned to serve a sweet at this meal feeling sure that young people (Anna is 17) really liked sweets.

"You're wrong," Raymond said. "They don't."

I agreed that Anna herself would decide for me. To my utter surprise she was not "crazy" about sweets, but much preferred cheese—and Port Salut, at that. So Port Salut it was.

With a respect on of those fond than crusty Continental "stales" of bread and fresh butter, which everyone except Anna enjoyed. She preferred that water biscuits, saying that "bread is too heavy for cheese." Perhaps she is right.

### THE MENU

Claret de Bordeaux  
Liver Pate  
Salad  
St Emilion  
Beef Goulash  
Tarthonya  
Peas  
Cheese  
Coffee

### LIVER PATE

HERE is the recipe: Cover with a little water and cold water and a dessertspoon of vinegar. Leave for half a day. Drain, then pass through the mincing machine three times together with 1/4 lb. pork fat, four fillets of anchovies, a small salt pork, a small onion and half a clove of garlic.

Now add a raw egg and a cold white sauce made with 1 1/2 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour and 1/4 pint milk. Beat well together and season very well with salt and freshly milled pepper. If you have an electric liquidiser, you will, of course, use it.

I work the mixture through the finest sieve of my mouset legumes. (This is a most useful gadget with three removable sieves.) I also beat a table-



Verdict by Anna Massey: The pate was almost a meal in itself and the tarthonya absolutely wonderful.

spoon of sherry into the pate, but this is not essential.

Turn the mixture into a well-greased or pork-fat-lined terrine (I used a soufflé dish). Add a bay leaf, stand in a pan of water and bake for 1 1/2 hours at a very low temperature (gas 1 or 300 degrees Fahr.). Remove the bay leaf. Place a weighted plate on top and leave overnight, then pour on a little melted fresh pork or butter fat.

There was enough pate for 12 or more servings, and I reckon that the cost for this particular meal was about 2s.

### CLAIRET

THIS, which served as an aperitif as well as with the pate, was a very pleasant, very light rose which Anna described as "absolutely wonderful" and Peter thought "unpretentious but very smooth."

Raymond, who had expected the pate to be what he termed the "household kind," felt that it made a "rabbit" of his Claret.

I thought it rather overpowering for this wine but the wine itself was excellent for the aperitif. After all, this was a meal for young folk and we had agreed that strong wines were not desirable.

### WINE TIP

THE St Emilion was a very pleasant surprise. Before lunch, Raymond did a "trick" with it which he had seen carried out in the cellars of Baron Philippe de Rothschild at the Chateau Mouton Rothschild. It has the wonderful effect of maturing a very young wine "on the spot."

He emptied the two bottles into a warm, dry jug, then rinsed out the bottles with very

hot water and at once poured the wine back into them. The effect of this is to oxygenise any young wine and cause quick development. This does two things: provides a rounder taste and better perfume and takes away any suggestion of "earliness." I give you this tip, which you may like to try with any inexpensive red wine.

### GOULASH

I MADE enough for eight good servings a day in advance because this dish is even better when reheated and is, of course, ideal for a busy person. I used my tomato-coloured enamelled iron casserole.

Everyone should possess one of these because it can be used equally well in the oven and on the top of the cooker. Further, it is attractive enough to be taken to the dining-room, thus cutting out last-minute dishwashing. It also halves the washing-up.

Here is the recipe given to me by Vilmos Csoma, the chef of the Hungarian Csarda. I urge you to try it.

Melt approximately 2oz. lard in a deep pan. Add 1 lb. thinly

sliced onions and simmer them in the fat until they are translucent. Take care not to colour them. Work in two tablespoons of paprika (sweet red pepper) over a low heat. Add 2 to 2 1/2 lb. stewing beef cut into 1-inch squares. (Leg beef, top side of any lean stewing beef will do.) Cook, very gently, while stirring, to get the paprika worked into the meat. Add 1 teaspoon finely chopped caraway seeds, a clove of garlic and salt to taste.

Now add two large sweet green peppers cut into four strips, each, the seeds and core removed. Cover tightly and simmer over the lowest heat for cooking, occasionally giving the mixing a good stir.

Cook for two hours (or longer if you choose leg beef). On no account add any water. The dish itself makes ample sauce.

If you make this dish a day in advance turn it into a bowl. Next day, before reheating it, add one to two tablespoons of water to the pan, then slowly reheat. (But no water in the actual cooking.)

### TARTHONYA

THIS is a macaroni paste (sometimes called macaroni rice here), made into tiny pieces like rice, and browned. I bought it ready-made in a Soho store for 1s. a pound.

A breakfast-cup of it is fried in two tablespoons of lard, then a chopped halved onion and a teaspoon of paprika are worked into it. Add four eggs, water, and salt to taste. Bring to the boil.

When the tarthonya has soaked up the moisture, cover and finish off the cooking in the oven. That, with any fresh vegetable, plainly cooked, makes an excellent and easily prepared dish.

We all enjoyed the goulash and I have entered it in my book of special dishes. The 1950 St. Emilion young as it was, stood up nobly to it and, after its "shock treatment," I would not be worried serving it to a gourmet friend who comes here from Paris every six weeks.

Both the young people really liked the coffee, which pleased me very much.

The whole meal, including the three bottles of wine at 6s. 6d. each, cost 33s. 6d.

BEFORE one can talk about over- or under-weight, one must first establish a base from which to start. How much ought a person to weigh? And how was that "normal" weight arrived at? Who decided it?

It is better to speak of desirable weight than of normal weight. And the height-weight-age tables are not to be regarded as any absolute standard. They are a useful general guide, but that is all. Desirable weight is usually that at which the individual feels, and acts, best. It may not be the same for all persons of the same height and age.

Desirable body weight is composed of the necessary bones, muscles, fibrous tissues and organs, plus a reasonable amount of fat required for padding and contour. Excess amounts of fat are undesirable. The best criterion of desirable weight is not practical for everyday use. It is the specific gravity of the body—its relationship to an equal volume of water. Unfortunately we cannot immerse ourselves completely in water for weighing purposes without acquiring or having access to a great deal of expensive equipment.

★  
Weighing oneself, as commonly practised, is subject to much criticism. Most weight-conscious persons weigh themselves too often. The body changes weight, sometimes from hour to hour, depending on the food eaten, the water retained, the emptying of bowels and bladder, and the amount of water lost by perspiration or retained following a salty meal. The proper time for weighing is once a week, at the same hour of the same day, with the same amount of clothing. If convenient it is best to weigh unclothed. A record of weight from week to week may

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

be plotted on a simple graph diagram, if desired. Weighing every day leads to over-emphasis on slight changes and needless worry.

The weight is generally regarded as beyond the limits of normal if it goes more than 10 per cent above or below that expected for age and build. The deviation is serious if it reaches 20 per cent.

There are many more persons with overweight problems than with underweight, but both groups have difficulty making the weight they desire, and keeping it. The secret in both instances lies mainly in diet. Activity, for instance, if decreased, favours overweight on a diet which otherwise would merely maintain the normal weight on a programme of greater activity. In the

underweight, reduction of activity is a help in gaining weight. It is difficult to control weight by activity alone, but proper balance of rest and activity is a help.

★  
In a few cases, glandular disturbance may be responsible for either overweight or underweight. But there are sufficiently uncommon to be invalid as an excuse for most persons, particularly the overweight. In the presence of these unusual circumstances, medical treatment of dieting will overcome a basic physiological inadequacy. The medical examination should always precede any effort to effect a change in weight, to be sure that the general health is good, or if not, to procure essential treatment.

Changing the weight, and keeping the changed weight once it is arrived at, is a long-term job, not a one-week stunt. It requires a basic change in the pattern of living, sometimes a fundamentally new outlook on life. And this usually needs to be permanent, if the results are to be lasting. It should not be undertaken lightly, and never without medical supervision. The success of group efforts, particularly in the overweight, suggests that misery loves company, and that company helps defeat misery.

## DOES HE ALWAYS EXPECT YOU TO BRING A GIFT?

By GARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

"WHAT did you bring me?"

To many parents of children under five or six, this is a familiar question. It may be heard every time the mother returns from shopping or from any trip away from home. After she has brought something regularly for a few times, her child may be greatly disappointed over a single exception. Sometimes the gift is promised when the mother leaves as a kind of bribe.

### BAD PRACTICE

Bringing home gifts had better be an exception and surprise rather than the rule. It should be done seldom enough so that the child will not expect a gift every time his mother returns home. Once the bad practice has been established, on leaving home, tell him, "I won't bring

anything for you this time but at some other time, perhaps." The mother who goes out for pleasure and leaves the youngster more often than she thinks she should, or the mother who works when she really doesn't need to do so, may lavish gifts on her child to save her conscience. The danger to her then is that she will compensate with more material things for the companionship and affection she should show him.

Also, the father who must be away from home for a week or more at a time may feel that he should often "bring something home for the little one." This may buy the child's affection temporarily, but it could also make things more difficult for the mother.

Grandparents, too, as soon as they arrive are often asked, "What did you bring me?" And the more frequent the visits the more surely this question will be asked.

Some parents and grandparents, writing me about the hard-to-manage selfish child of five, nine or even fourteen, are puzzled by the child's be-

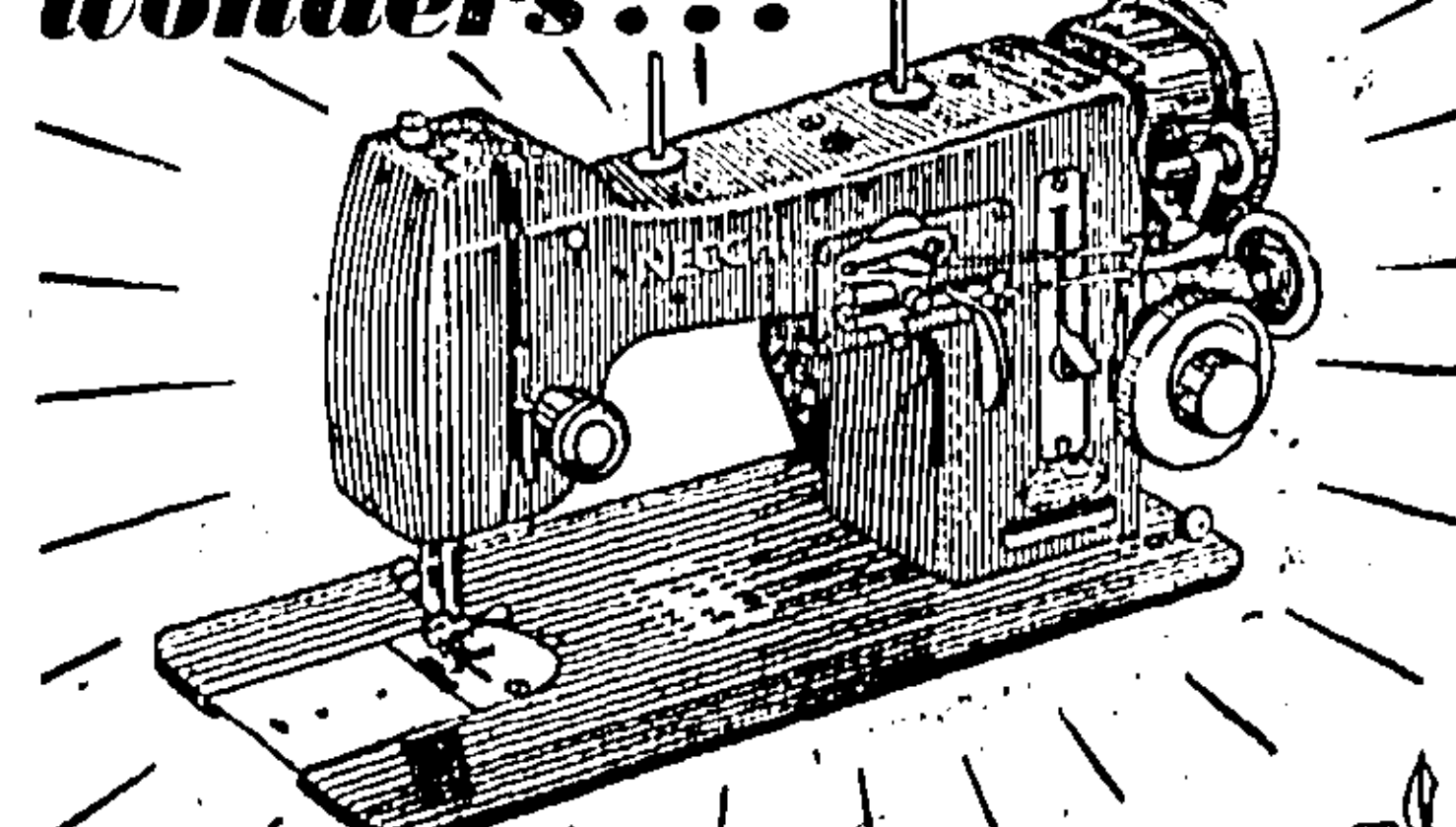
haviour. "I buy him almost everything he wants," they'll say. "One doesn't buy co-operation and affection with things any more than a child can buy playmates."

### BECOMES SELFISH

You may often take your tot along when you shop at the neighbourhood food store. He sees things he wants and asks you to buy them. On a few trips, you may derive great pleasure from buying something for him; but before long, he may have more wants and be more insistent that you supply them. Soon he habitually expects you to buy something for him and may employ tears or even tantrums to force your hand. What a nuisance he has grown!

With the next baby, don't begin this practice. Rarely buy him anything on the shopping trip. If you have already begun the practice, tell him today as you leave home with him, "No toy or gift today" and stick to it. You will have to be very firm.

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## Keep Baby Comfortable Despite Hot Weather

PRICKLY heat is likely to make your baby very restless and irritable. Dressing your youngster properly in hot weather will help to keep this rash of small raised red spots from breaking out. While the water blisters—they're usually about the size of a pin point—may break out just about anywhere, they most often appear on a baby's neck, shoulders, chest or face.

If a snugly fitting bonnet makes a baby's forehead perspire, the rash probably will occur there; for perspiration produces prickly heat.

When it's extremely hot, put as few clothes as possible on your infant. The clothing next to his skin should be soft, lightweight cotton or linen.

For a baby who is bothered by prickly heat, a specially prepared sponge bath is helpful. Several times a day sponge his entire body with a quart of cool water to which has been added four teaspoonsful of baking soda. But don't use any soap!

After the sponging, pat his skin dry with a soft towel. Then you can apply a mild lotion such as calamine lotion. Or, if there is itching, you can lightly apply baby powder, corn starch or baking soda. Don't use so much powder that it becomes caked in the creases of his arms, legs or neck.

Exposing the creases of your tot's neck to the air by frequently changing his position, probably will help prevent the rash.

—H. N. BUNDESIN, M.D.

## Knit While You Relax

### 4-COLOUR JUMPER

Materials: Lister's Lavender 3 ply—4 ozs. Ground shade; 2 ozs. Dark shade; 1 oz. Light shade; 1 oz. Medium shade. Pair each needles Nos. 10 and 12.

Measurements: To fit 34 ins. Bust measurement. Length from shoulder 19 1/2 ins. Length of undersleeve seam 4 1/4 ins.

Tension: 7 1/2 sts. and 10 rows equal one inch (No. 10 needles). N.B. The tension of the knitting controls the size of the finished garment. Before commencing cast on 15 sts. and work in one row knit one row purl for 20 rows. If your sample has less sts. per inch than our tension, try again with smaller needles and vice versa. Then work the garment on the needles which produce our tension.

Castling on—Thumb Method: 2 yards from the end twist the wool round the left thumb to make a loop and knit this loop onto a needle from the ball of wool. Repeat till required number of sts. are on the needle making the loop from the 2 yards and knitting from the ball. This method of casting on should always be used.

Abbreviations: K, knit, p, purl; sts, stitches; ins, inches; tog, together; st, stocking stitch; P2 IN, Purl twice into st, i.e. into front and then into back of st; G, Ground; L, Light; M, Medium; D, Dark; W, Wool; SKPO, Slip one, knit one, pass slipped st, over.

BACK  
Using No. 12 needles and GW cast on 114 sts. and work in K, 1, P, 1 rib for 4 ins.

Increase row: (Wrong side facing): p, 4 (p, 2 in, p, 7) thirteen times, p, 2 in, p, 5 (128 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in stripes in following order: 4 rows MW, 2 rows GW, 4 rows DW, 4 rows LW, 2 rows DW, 4 rows GW. These 22 rows form the continuity of the stripes. Repeat these 22 pattern rows three times more (66 ins.).

Shape Armholes: Keeping the continuity of the stripes: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K, 2 tog. at each end of every row until 84 sts. remain. Continue in pattern on these sts. until 7 patterns have been completed from commencement.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows! Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT  
Using No. 12 needles and GW cast on 114 sts. and work in K, 1, P, 1 rib for 4 ins.

Increase row: (Wrong side facing): (p, 6, p, 2 in) seven times, p, 10, (p, 2 in, p, 6) seven times. (128 sts.) Change to No. 10 needles and MW.

Next row: K, 50 sts., turn. Continue to work in stripe pattern on these sts. as given for Back until 4 patterns have been completed (18 ins.).

Shape Armholes: Commencing at armhole edge, and keeping the continuity of the stripes throughout: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K, 2 tog. at same edge on following 10 rows. (30 sts.) Continue on these sts. until 5 patterns have been completed.

Shape Shoulder: Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row three times. Return to remaining sts., rejoin GW and using No. 10 needles cast off 18 sts. Change to MW and work in stripes as for Left Front until 4 patterns have been completed. Work one row more.

Shape Armholes: Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row three times. SLEEVES  
Using No. 10 needles and GW cast on 60 sts. and work in K, 1, P, 1 rib for 7 1/4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and p, 2 in. (1st row—knit) working in stripes of 4 rows LW, 2 rows DW, 4 rows GW, 4 rows LW, 2 rows DW, 4 rows GW.

Keeping the continuity of the stripes, cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 3 rows, then K, 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 44 sts. remain. Now work on these sts. Cast off loosely in rows GW, then work the 22 rows as given for Back, at the same time increasing one st. at each end of 8th and every following 6th row until 60 sts. are on needle.



rows GW, then work the 22 rows as given for Back, at the same time increasing one st. at each end of 8th and every following 6th row until 60 sts. are on needle.

TO MAKE UP  
Pin out and press each piece on wrong side under a damp cloth, avoiding ribbed wells. Join side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves placing centre of head of sleeve to neck edge and wrapping right side over left side when joining to "ruffled" waist. Press all seams.















## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

TWO VITAL POINTS WERE  
RAISED BY THE PRESIDENT  
AT HKFA MEETING

By L. M. MacTAVISH

Now that the Annual General Meeting of the Hongkong Football Association is over and the office bearers for the ensuing year have been duly elected the football public will look forward to positive action in resolving the various problems that confront them.

Contrary to what was stated to be his own desire, but in accordance with the pre-meeting opinion of 'well informed circles,' Mr C. S. Wang was re-elected to the Chairmanship and his intimate knowledge of the current situation should be of the greatest assistance to the Council and the various committees when they are formed.

There is not one honest member of the football community in this Colony who will not endorse the presidential comments of Hon. Kwok Chan regarding untoward incidents on the field of play.

His direct appeal to club officials must not be allowed to go unheeded for it should never be forgotten that the conduct of a game is a sure reflection of the attitude of the management who sent him out in their colours.

Human nature being what it is, the isolated show of resentment or the temporary indiscretion coming in the heat of the moment can be understood, but when such characteristics begin to make regular appearances it is up to club officials to take remedial action.

The 'temperamental star' who is fanned on and fussed over; whose every indiscretion is sympathetically explained away; and whose own persistent action and tactics are persistently condoned; leads club as well as player into disrepute. Club action is far more laudable than the adoption of the attitude that things on the pitch should be left to the referee to sort out. Larrikinism is all too easily born, but even from its embryo, rowdiness and hooliganism develop quickly.

## A CHALLENGE

The President's exhortation is timely, necessary, and a challenge to the less conscientious officials. For the lasting good of this great game of football one can only hope that it will not be disregarded.

I could not help but feel some satisfaction in the Hon. Kwok Chan's references to Tom Sneddon. What he said on this matter badly wanted saying by a top ranking official of the Association.

There is not a club playing under the aegis of the Association that cannot gain from Mr. Sneddon's assistance and, provided it is clearly understood that tactical discussions are out, there need be no suspicion.

It is easy to understand the doubts that can exist if the same coach is closely associated with the internal working of several teams. I believe that such an attitude is less than fair to Tom Sneddon because, if he was fully employed on his fundamental task of advising on how to get men fit and how to improve their mastery of the skills of the game, he would have little time or inclination to advise on club tactics.

## SHEER BALDERDASH

It is pretty certain that he has been asked in the past to give such advice but it is sheer balderdash to suggest that he would play the spoiled traitor and carry information about one team's tactical plan to another.

I reiterate that there are few players—however experienced—who cannot be improved in skill or in stamina, and if the employment of Mr. Sneddon within that framework is encouraged and exploited, then the players, their clubs and eventually the Association and the public must reap the benefit.

Later in the week the Hongkong Referees Association held its Annual General Meeting and once again the Chairman was re-elected, Mr L. G. Young in resuming his place in the chair will doubt have his own plans for implementing the parent Association's recommendation that every effort should be made to raise the standard of refereeing.

However, as far as readers of this column are concerned there was one interesting development arising from the business of the meeting.

The Vice-chairman, Major A. C. A. Walker, told the members that a certain amendment had been made to Law 4 so far as boots were concerned. The contents of this amendment have been given wide publicity in the press and readers will have noticed that boots and studs on the sole of the boot have to conform to very clearly defined specifications.

Let us shift the calendar back a bit. Early last season after an incident in a senior game I raised that point that a referee should inspect every player's boots before the game commenced, particularly as the dangers from an injury caused by nails or other projections had just previously been indelibly underlined in the United Kingdom.

My comments brought forth a quick reply from one of the officials in the Colony disclaiming any liability on the part of the referee to inspect footwear except on request.

## IMPLIED RESPONSIBILITY

Now, on reading through the new amendment, one is im-

mediately struck by its possible weakness. If the above mentioned disclaimer is still representative of official attitude, it requires little imagination and it requires little imagination to appreciate that a nasty injury could be caused from the ragged edges of such a stud or metal fitting on the sole of the boot.

Hard distorted plastic could also lead to injury, and it is obvious from the amendment that the question of protruding nails has not been overlooked in the progressive flush.

It rather bems me how any referee can be satisfied with Law 4 as being complied with unless he inspects the boots of every player before a game. He satisfies himself about the condition of the pitch, the ball, and even the goal nets, and it seems therefore that it is against the spirit of the new amendment either to wait for an inspection request, or worse still, wait until a player has received an injury.

I am not after picking an argument with anyone on this matter but the more one reads the precise wording of the amendment the more one must feel that there is an implied responsibility for the referee to satisfy himself that the Law is in fact being observed, from the very start of the game!!!

Thank The Soccer Gods  
There Is Still  
A Stanley Matthews

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

Yet another soccer dish has been spoiled. The combined selection committee got together to cook up some sweet meats for the Great Britain versus the Rest of Europe match in Belfast on August 13. They made a hash instead.

The selectors, who seem to possess the ability to drop clangers with the same remarkable regularity that Rocky Marciano drops misguided opponents, have obviously decided on a "let's be pals" policy for this all-important game.

The result is that instead of putting the best eleven footballers on show, a patch-potch team, with places shared out between the Home countries, very nicely thank-you, will take the field against the best Europe can offer.

It is not good enough. If this is an indication that the same muddle-headed mismanagement which has handicapped British soccer affairs in the past is to continue into the 1955-56 season, then the time has come for a few resignations to be tendered.

Joe McDonald of Sunderland has never appeared for his country—Scotland—is an international. Yet he is given the left back position.

## BRIGHT YOUNG STAR

Footballer of the Year, Don Revie finds himself on the trainer's bench in reserve. And veteran Billy Liddell is given preference at outside left over such a bright young star as Chelsea's Boy Blunstone.

And where is Scotland wizard Len Shackleton? Out in the cold, cold nowhere!

But it's the Welsh who have most reason to cry out. They will raise their voices to the skies, but not, I feel, sing praises, at the astounding

omission of Ivor Allchurch, possibly the finest inside-forward in Great Britain.

The Swansea star doesn't get a look in. No, not even from a touch line seat with the reserves.

As Wolves' Russian tour clashed with this match it was known that the team would be without Bert Williams, Billy Wright and Dennis Wilshaw. It was also known that as the Scottish season starts a week before English professionals get down to work, the Scots had issued an emphatic "lay off our home players" order.

It was obvious that the selectors would wish for a fairly representative side. But it was not to be expected that

their "old pals" act would go this far.

The one strong point in the side is the half back line of Danny Blanchflower, John Charles and Bert Peacock. But they will need to be on their best behaviour.

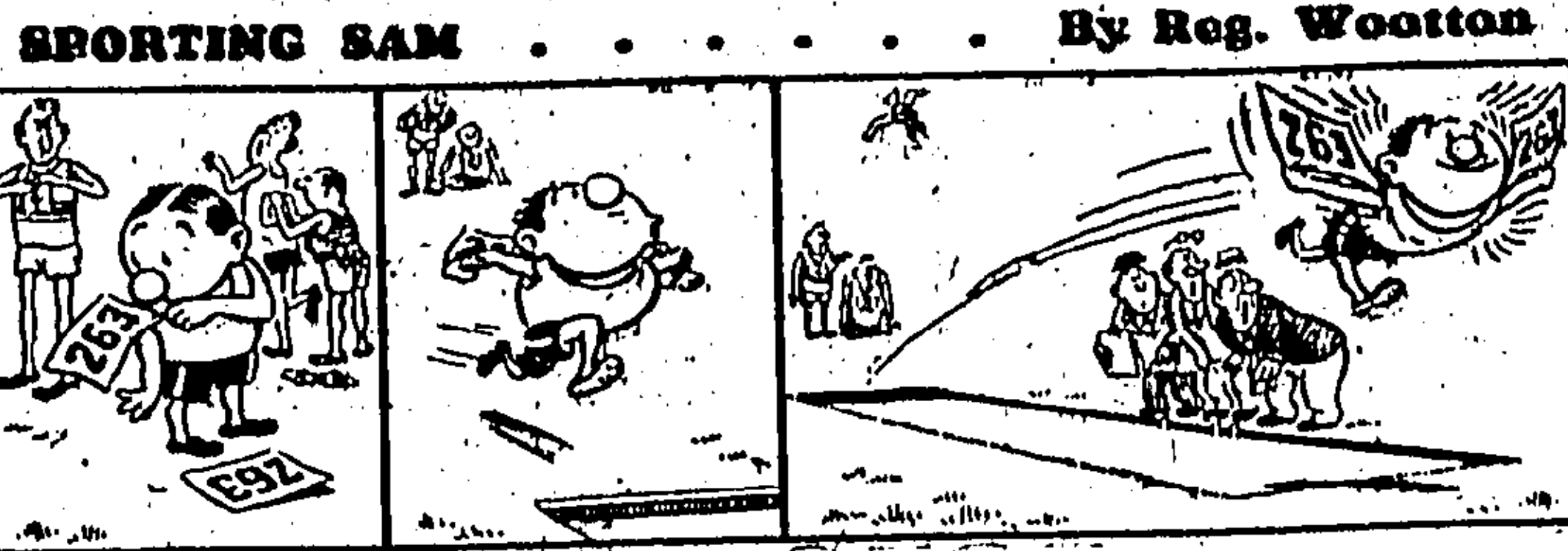
## TOUGH ASSIGNMENT

For they have the tough assignment of blotting out the all-powerful inside trio of Puskas (Hungary), Kopa (France) and Kocsis (Hungary).

And the attack? Thank the Soccer Gods there is still a Matthews. Much of the responsibility for this ill-conceived, ill-formed forward line will rest on his slender shoulders. The result? A win for the Rest by 3-1.

## THE TEAM

Name	Club
Jack Kelsey	(Arsenal and Wales)
Peter Sillett	(Chelsea and England)
Joe McDonald	(Sunderland and Scotland)
Danny Blanchflower, captain	(Spurs and Ireland)
John Charles	(Leeds and Wales)
Bert Peacock	(Coventry and England)
Stanley Matthews	(Manchester City and Scotland)
Bobby Johnston	(Chelsea and England)
Ray Boney	(Burnley and Ireland)
Jimmy McIntyre	(Liverpool and Scotland)
Billy Liddell	
Reserves:	
Fraser (Sunderland and Scotland)	
Byrne (Manchester United and England)	
Docherty (Preston and Scotland)	
Revie (Manchester City and England)	

LEAGUE BOWLS  
KCC—IRC Match Should  
Be The Best Of  
The Afternoon

By "TOUCHER"

No changes are expected in the relative positions of the top teams in the three divisions of the Colony Lawn Bowls League as another round is played off this afternoon.

First Division League leaders and current Champions Recreio "Blues" will have Filipino Club as their opponents on their home green. In their first meeting, the Champions won decisively by 5-0. The only opposition came from L. S. Silva's four who extended C. E. Passos' four to a 19-22 score.

The play of the Filipino bowlers has slumped to such an extent during the last few weeks that nothing short of exceptional bowling in their remaining matches could save them from being relegated into the Second Division next season.

The "Blues" have made only one change to their regular team. A Colloco comes into the Recreio twelve in place of A. M. Souza as No. 2 in Raoul Luz's rink. Only an upset victory by any of the Filipino Club fours can prevent the home team from collecting maximum points.

## TOUGHER FUTURE

Second-placed Craighower, on the other hand, will have to fight very much harder than the Recreio "Blues" in their quest for full points against the

vastly improved Recreio "Whites".

They dropped one point in their first match when George Souza's four went down to A. A. Remedios and his men by 16-22. The Valley club has since reorganised its team, slightly for the better, but should probably still be unable to stop the plucky "Whites" from taking one point out of this match.

The best First Division match will be fought out at Cox's Road where third-placed and former League leaders Kowloon Cricket Club will play hosts to Indian Recreation Club.

Though they have met with only varying success in the League so far, the Indians are largely responsible for the downslide of the Cricket Club twelve by handing them their first defeat of the season in the first round.

For the Kowloonites, this afternoon's game may well mean their exit from the race for the Championship.

Already 4½ points behind Recreio "Blues", and having played the League leaders twice, their only hope—rather slim hope at that—of snatching the title is to collect maximum points in every one of their remaining matches and wait for the "Blues" to drop one game.

On the form that most of the Indian players have been showing in the Open Championship matches, a repeat win for them is, I think, extremely likely.

In their previous encounter the Indians managed to win on only one rink and by the final score of 3-2. Tactics will play an important part in the final result of this afternoon's match, and unless the KCC bowlers appreciate the full value and importance of "back woods" against the aggressive play of the Indians, a 4-1 win for the Indians is more than likely.

## OPEN TRIPLES

Tomorrow, interest shifts to the second round games of the Colony Open Triples Championship.

With Hong Sling's three already eliminated, two combinations are regarded as strong favourites for the title this year. One is that of the Luz brothers and another the Indian Recreation Club trio of I. A. M. B. Hassan and A. M. Omar.

The Luz brothers have quite a major obstacle to surmount tomorrow when they clash against A. R. A. Rahman, M. J. Divercha and U. A. R. Rahman. At least average form is needed of them for this game.

A. M. Omar's three will also have no mean opponents for their match in the Recreation Club combination. A. M. Rahman, E. M. Alarcon and A. A. Lopez. All these three are fine drawing men and can provide the unexpected should their more favoured opponents strike one of those days when they keep on "passing by the window".

## TODAY'S GAMES

## First Division

Recreio "Blues" v FC IRC "Gold" v KBGC  
KCC v IRC "Blues"  
CCC v Recreio "Whites"  
PRC (bye)

## Second Division

CCC v KCC  
FC v TC  
HKFC v USRC  
HKCC v KDC  
PRC (bye)

## Third Division

KDC v KCC  
HKFC v FC  
HKRC v KBGC  
PRC v POC  
USRC (bye)

New Zealand Teacher  
Bans Boxing At  
His School

Wellington, New Zealand. A New Zealand schoolmaster who regards boxing as an ignoble art of aggression has banned it at his school.

He is Mr G. J. McNaught, Headmaster of the New Plymouth Boys' High School. His staff and the school's Board of Governors support him in agreeing "with modern medical opinion that boxing is a harmful sport."

This is the second New Zealand high school to ban boxing. Last year, Mr A. E. Lock, Headmaster of Rongotai College, Wellington, created a precedent by declaring boxing dangerous and forbidding it at his school.

His action provoked a controversy. But Mr McNaught's criticism of the sport raised barely a murmur. Boxing cannot really be called the art of self-defence, he said in a report to the school's Governors. It is fighting and the main intention is to hurt one's opponent.

## OVERRATED

He and his staff, he said, wanted boxing banned "because its virtues as a character-builder are much overrated and in some boys it incites and brings out bad features such as showmanship and cockiness. The general opinion is that boxing can be harmful and is probably more harmful than we realise."

In many New Zealand high schools, boxing training and a Championship tournament are still important activities in the sports curriculum. Most headmasters questioned on the subject have said that they have no objection to boxing in the school as long as it is well conducted and carefully controlled.—China Mail Special.

Famous  
Sports Stars  
I Have Met

Douglas Jardine

By ARCHIE QUICK

He was dressed correctly for stockbroking as he came for a taxi at Victoria Station, London. The rightly shaped bowler hat, black coat, striped trousers, grey waistcoat, glossy shoes, white shirt and collar and silver grey knotted tie, set off with the inevitable rolled umbrella.

Dashing to his City office, you would have said, "You would have been wrong. Douglas Jardine, most shrewd, most successful, most relentless of England's modern cricket captains, was crossing London to King's Cross Station on his way to the Leeds Test Match."

It was typical that he should be so attired, for he took the same correctness same immaculacy, same aloofness on to the field with him when he was the dreaded "Hammer of the Australians."

Jardine was Eton, Oxford University, Surrey and England—the orthodox schooling—but there was nothing tender about the man in the Harlequin cap when he led his eleven against "the Enemy from Down Under," although there was never anything unsporting about it. He was the one skipper who played to win and who played the Australians at their own cold, impersonal, implacable game.

## IMPEVIOUS

How the Hillites at Sydney detected him for his gamesmanship, and how they hooted and derided him as he fielded on their boundaries. It was so much wasted effort, for "D.R." was impervious to it all. He just went on directing with Harold Larwood, Bill Voce and "Gubby" Allen as the spearheads and England won four of the five Tests.

Jardine has said to me since: "I got all the blame for it, and in a lesser degree Larwood and Voce had to face it. But the great villain of the piece was 'Plum' (now Sir Pelham) Warner. He sat down at Lord's, thought the whole thing out as an antidote to Woodfull, Ponsford, McCabe, Bradman, Richardson, Kippax and Fingleton, and then devised its operation. We poor cricketers were only the instruments, but we took the brunt of the blame from the Aussies."

The result was that in eight innings Bradman got only 380 runs, and in two innings more each McCabe, Woodfull and Richardson totalled only 160 runs between them. "They were hectic days," reflects Douglas, "but there was nothing illegal or unfair about 'bodyline' as it was so wrongly called. Larwood's accuracy was the crux of the whole thing, and as for bowling at the body he hit the stumps sixteen times in his series total of 33 wickets. That average shows he was bowling at the stumps."

D. R. Jardine is now 54 years old. He made 35 first-class centuries and still holds, with Walter Hammond, the third wicket record for a Test Match against Australia—262 at Adelaide Oval in February 1929.

## RACECOURSE BETTING

Certain To Reach  
All-Time Record

Wellington, New Zealand. New Zealand's racecourse betting bill, is certain to reach an all-time record total of probably more than £30,000,000 sterling this year.

With two months of the racing year to go, the amount handled by racecourse totalisators from on and off course betting, to the end of May totalled more than £28,000,000 sterling—an increase of more than £1,000,000 sterling on last year's figure for the period.

The figures, produced by the New Zealand Racing Conference, are for 140 race meetings held in New Zealand from the beginning of the racing year, August 1, 1954, to the end of May this year. The year's total will include betting as so many galloping meetings—China Mail Special.

SPORTS  
QUIZ

## 1. Who is Britain's Mile running Champion?

2. Race driver Stirling Moss last week won an event which no Briton had previously won. What was the event?

3. At Ascot Britain's most valuable horse race was for the first time won by a foreign entry. Name the race and the winner.

4. Name the odd man out: Chris Chataway, Wes Santee, John Landy, Roger Bannister.

5. When was the off-side law changed in British Association Football?

6. What was the previous law and what is the current one?

7. In 1928 came an important change in cricket laws. When was the rule and what was the amendment?

8. What sport would you expect to see at (a) Twickenham (b) Ebbw Vale (c) Silverstone (d) Harrogate Hill?

9. Who is the world Three-Mile running Champion?

10. How many Australians have won the Men's Singles title at Wimbledon since the war?

(Answers on Page 17)

## ATHLETICS

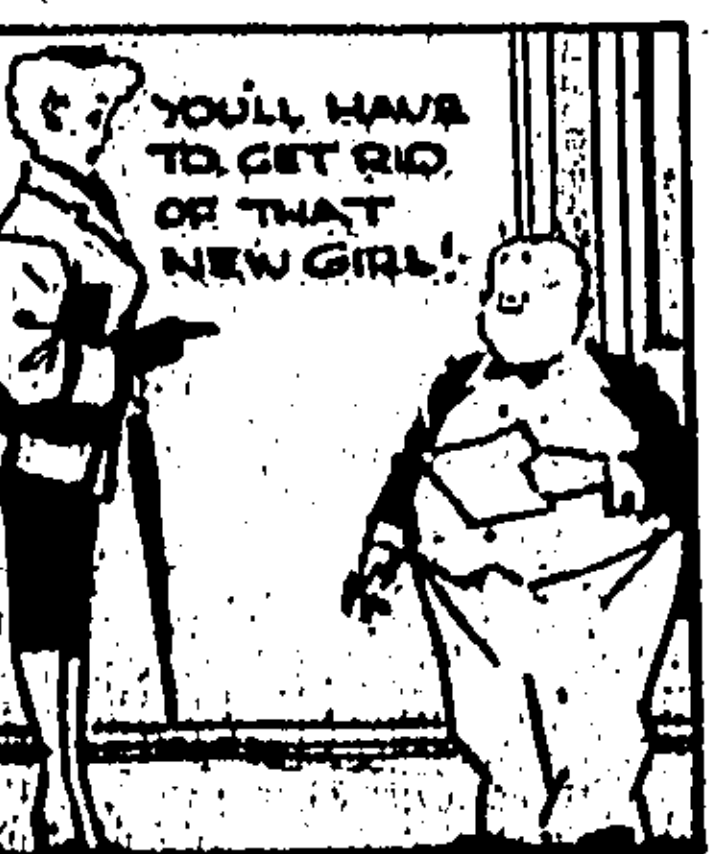
One figure missing from the Inter-Services Athletics Championships at Aldershot was Capt. Audrey Williamson. This WRAC officer has dominated "Women's Services" running for the past nine years during which she has won two dozen Army and Inter-Services 100 yds, 200 yds, 400 yds, 800 yds, 1 mile, 2 mile, 5 mile, 10 mile, 20 mile, 30 mile, 40 mile, 50 mile, 60 mile, 70 mile, 80 mile, 90 mile, 100 mile, 110 mile, 120 mile, 130 mile, 140 mile, 150 mile, 160 mile, 170 mile, 180 mile, 190 mile, 200 mile, 210 mile, 220 mile, 230 mile, 240 mile, 250 mile, 260 mile, 270 mile, 280 mile, 290 mile, 300 mile, 310 mile, 320 mile, 330 mile, 340 mile, 350 mile, 360 mile, 370 mile, 380 mile, 390 mile, 400 mile, 410 mile, 420 mile, 430 mile, 440 mile, 450 mile, 460 mile, 470 mile, 480 mile, 490 mile, 500 mile, 510 mile, 520 mile, 530 mile, 540 mile, 550 mile, 560 mile, 570 mile, 580 mile, 590 mile, 600 mile, 610 mile, 620 mile, 630 mile, 640 mile, 650 mile, 660 mile, 670 mile, 680 mile, 690 mile, 700 mile, 710 mile, 720 mile, 730 mile, 740 mile, 750 mile, 760 mile, 770 mile, 780 mile, 790 mile, 800 mile, 810 mile, 820 mile, 830 mile, 840 mile, 850 mile, 860 mile, 870 mile, 880 mile, 890 mile, 900 mile, 910 mile, 920 mile, 930 mile, 940 mile, 950 mile, 960 mile, 970 mile, 980 mile, 990 mile, 1000 mile.

This year was the first time she has not competed since she first appeared in a 100 yds race in 1946. Since then she has won

## POP



## SHAPE



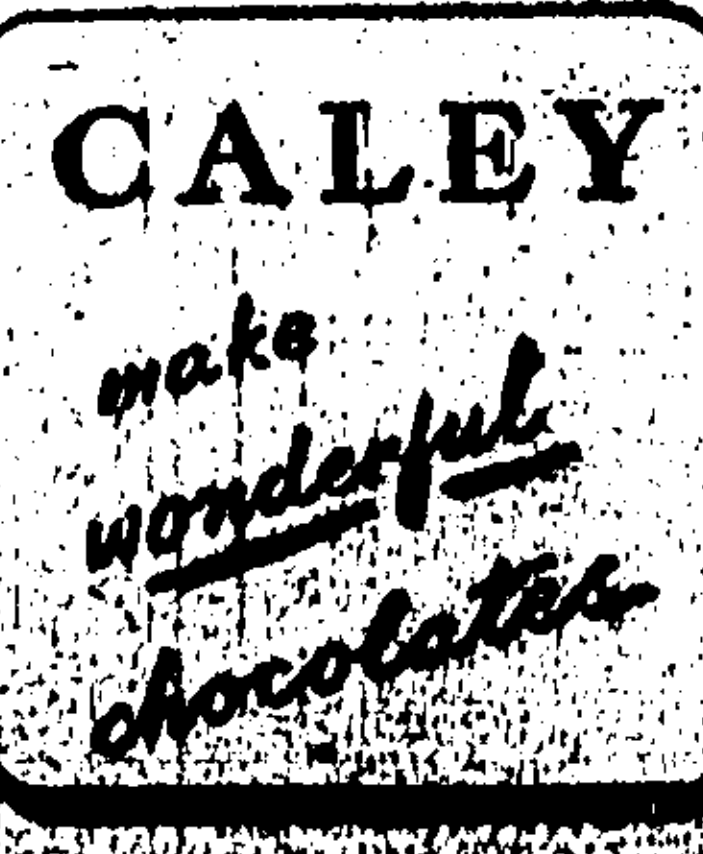
## SHAPE



## SHAPE



## SHAPE



make  
wonderful  
chocolates



# A TEST TEAM SHOULD BE PICKED FOR THE PRESENT RATHER THAN THE FUTURE

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

I have news for you from Australia. My old cricketing friends over there are chuckling their heads off.

Why? Because they fully intend to take those Ashes back home next year and they see hope for themselves in the troubles the British selectors are having with their England team.

In England's inability to find the right batting talent to provide a consistent opening pair and to build up consistently high scores, they see England's real weakness—and their own chance for a handsome triumph in 1956.

Australia will have this triumph unless something is done quickly. Look back over the Tests of the last few years, and you will see that England has scored very many runs. Since C. J. Washbrook stepped down from the position of opening partner with Hutton, there just hasn't been a consistent replacement.

Add to that the fact that maestro Len Hutton himself is now on the sick list, and you realize that England now needs two new opening batsmen. Whatever Peter May can do with the team given him for the Leeds test, I can tell you that he won't find an opening partnership good enough to serve England next year against the Australians.

**TAKE RISKS NOW**  
The selectors are making a grand mess of it. Of course a Test team should be picked for the present rather than the future, but the England selectors are doing neither. They are not providing a good team to beat the Spring tour. Nor are they showing a good long-term policy for the future. No wonder my Australian cobbles are rubbing their hands in glee.

To trust new talent demands courage, especially young talent. But it is better to take risks now against the South Africans than against the Aussies who will be flat out for the fall next year. And what about the West Indies the year after? How to beat them must

## YORKSHIRE PLEASED

Another good opening batsman still around is Derbyshire's Yorkshire-born Arnold. He plays most of his innings on the lively Derbyshire wickets but he still scores steadily in a side not over-blessed with good batsmen. He isn't a flashy player; he is solid, sound, safe. But he has tremendous power when he wants to cut loose and he can make shots to most parts of the ground whenever he feels like it.

## SPATE OF INJURIES

Many people have been asking me to explain the incredible spate of injuries to the England side just now. Most of it is just bad luck. I had one of the same bad luck last week-end when I went for a catch—and let the ball make an inch-long split between the little and third fingers of my right hand.

But there are other causes. We have just seen two of the liveliest Test wickets in years and the South African bowlers Neil Adcock and Peter Heine are by no means slow. They are the men responsible for the extraordinary number of finger injuries. Tyson, too, did the same damage, but to one of his own side, wicket-keeper Evans. Tyson's own twisted ankle seems to have a measure of poetic justice in it.

## COACHING HINT

For a bowler, the run-up to the wicket is a vital indication of his quality. He should be able to carry this run out blindfolded. He should have it so neatly tied up that he needn't concentrate on it at all but be able to think entirely about the spot on the pitch at the other end where he intends to land the ball.

A good run-up should be long enough to obtain maximum balance and momentum at the time of delivery. Yet it should be as short as possible to conserve energy. If you are a bowler, get your run-up right.

## CONGRATULATIONS FROM MOTHER AND WIFE



Donald Campbell's mother (left) and his wife (right) drink a toast to his new world mark after he had beaten the world water speed record at Lake Ullswater last Sunday in his turbo-jet boat, Bluebird, averaging 202.32 miles an hour in two runs across a measured kilometre.—Agence France-Press Photo.

## HEADLINE SPORTSMAN

# Eddie Firmani Can Score Goals And Prevent Them With Equal Efficiency

From a "semi-detached" in London South East to a luxury flat in Genoa's Millionaires Row; from a maximum £15 a week to a cool £150 each pay day, with liberal bonuses thrown in.

Such is the luck of Eddie Firmani, 22-year-old South African inside forward transferred last week from English Cinderella Club Charlton Athletic to money spinning Italian club Sampdoria for £35,000, a record fee in British football.

Playing on the Riviera instead of at the Valley, noted for the homely atmosphere rather than pitiful surroundings, will not over £2,500 a year for Firmani.

And all because of Grand Pop! Italian football rules state that no club may sign more than one player from a foreign club unless that player is of Italian descent. And Grand-dad Firmani was an Italian.

What man is this who can step out of British football, away from an ordinary English club to a life of luxury as a lira millionaire away from his small suburban home to a flat with marble halls, mosaic bathrooms and a sunny balcony overlooking the blue Mediterranean?

**EQUAL EFFICIENCY**  
Firmani can score goals and prevent them with equal

efficiency. Last season he was one of the top scorers in the English League—despite being absent through injury for a number of matches. Play him at full back, as Charlton have done quite frequently in the past, and he is one of the finest defenders in the business.

Yes, this Firmani is a useful man to have around. He started his football as a schoolboy centre forward in his Capetown suburb. That was where he and inside forward Sumari Leary were spotted by Charlton chief Jimmy Seed.

The shrewd Mr Seed arranged for both to come to England and the Valley as soon as their school days were over. Firmani was converted into a full back, Leary to centre forward.

Last season, apart from occasional appearances at full back, when Eddie was needed to bolster up a sagging defence, Firmani was at inside left with Leary in the other inside position.

It was confidently expected in many quarters that Firmani would be chosen for one of the "Young England" intermediate international Italy the previous year. But the FA apparently sticking to their recent policy of by-passing South Africans—even though there is no official ban—ignored his claims.

**JUSTIFIABLY UPSET**  
Firmani was justifiably upset. "Why," he asked, "am I able to serve England as a National Service airman, and yet not able to serve England at football?" His wife, Patricia, 23-year-old daughter of Charlton's Assistant-Manager George Robinson, is English, and his month-old son Paul was born in England.

Italian football bosses became interested in this young forward with the goal-knock. They watched him in League matches. Then the fight for his signature started.

Sampdoria won, and so Eddie is in the big money. He will get a £30 bonus for each win, up to £80 for the most important games; £10 bonus for a home draw, £15 for an away draw.

It is ironic that this transfer should bring a record fee to Charlton Athletic, the club which never buys big. "But in many ways it is a smack in the eye to British football."

Only a few weeks before Eddie decided to take the plunge, Charlton and England trainer Jimmy Trotter said: "There isn't the incentive to reach the top in British football. Wages haven't risen with the cost of living. Before the war almost every top class player ran his own car. Now few can afford such a luxury."

Where do Italian clubs get all the money from? Higher admission charges. The cheapest enclosures cost five shillings. When the Firmanis move into one of the luxury flats offered them—"I'll let the wife do the choosing"—Eddie will say a word of thanks to Grand-dad, without whom all this would not have been possible.

**FRILLED PANTIES**  
Sydney. Frilled panties on the Wimbledon pattern, worn by women basketball players at Bathurst, sent up attendances of male spectators.

But they brought down the official wrath of the women's basketball controlling body which banned the wearing of anything other than "regulation" type under tunics.—China Mail Special.

**FRILLED PANTIES**  
Raise Basketball Attendance

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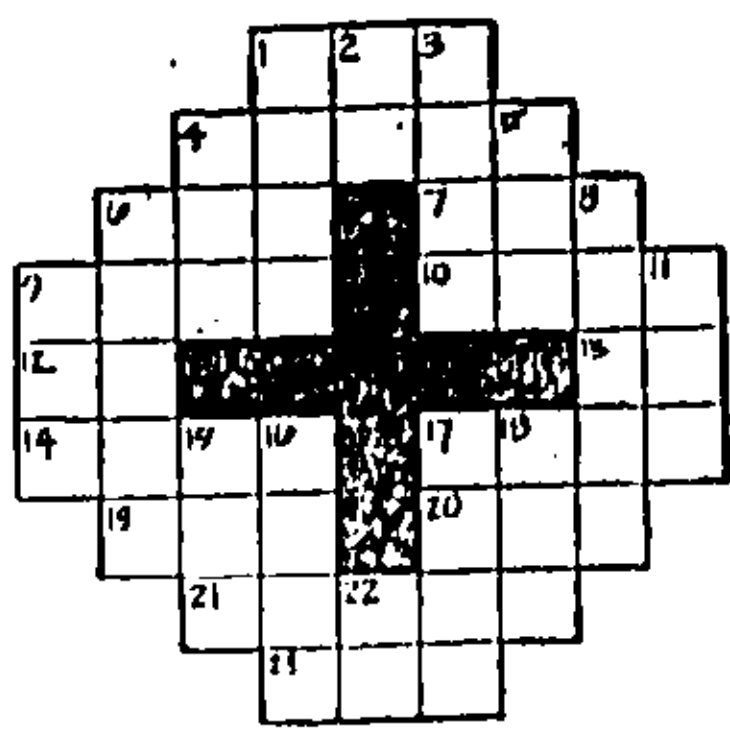
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
- Incense
  - Estate house
  - Ward
  - Fibre knots
  - Tardy
  - Hednet
  - Preposition
  - Negative reply
  - Donato
  - Mimicked
  - Father
  - Legal point
  - Birds' homes
  - Numbers (ab.)

- DOWN**
- Created
  - Acticle
  - Finished
  - Witticism
  - Cokur
  - Swift
  - Flr trees
  - Drug along
  - Fox
  - Mover's truck
  - Paradise
  - Crafts
  - Footlike part
  - Thus

### ADD-A-GRAMS

Add a letter to "a body of water," and scramble for "social event," add another letter and scramble for "poker stakes," repeat for "to hurry" and finally for "to punish."

### TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has based this week's triangle on a DREAMER. The second word is "a suffix," and "a happy point" for the "a girl's name." Fifth "a noble vapour," and sixth "landed property." Can you complete the triangle?

D

R

E

A

M

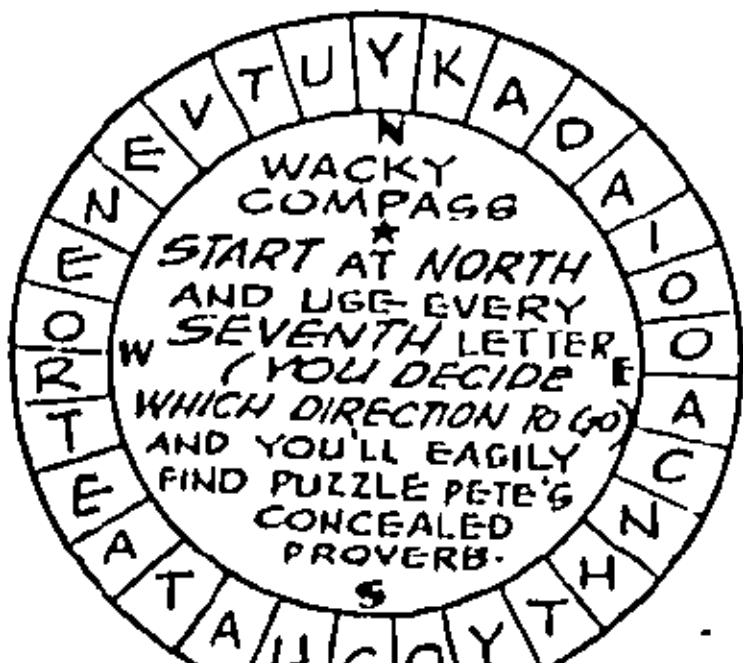
E

DREAMER

### BEHEADINGS

Behead "a graph" and have "a red deer," behead this and have "craft," again and have an abbreviation for "right."

### WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 20)

## A Graceful Design

PIERRE GANDON is a Frenchman with very definite views about stamps. He likes them to reflect the grace and charm for which his country is famous.

And the views of Pierre carry considerable weight with the French postal authorities because he is one of their top stamp designers.

Here you see the 100th stamp he has designed. It is one of a series honouring France's luxury industries in this case gloves making (ganterie).

For Pierre, this graceful design was a family affair. He used his 10-year-old daughter Marie to model the shapely arm, shoulder and back against which the glove is displayed. But he made up the face and head to look like any fashionable woman.

Said Marie: "My school friends will laugh at me. I haven't got an evening dress or long gloves like that."

The stamp is perforated, 13; recess-printed and costs 11d. in London.—J.A.A.

## J. Fred Muggs As The Model Chimp



"My hairline isn't receding that much!"

When sculptor John Lacey undertook to make a mahogany wood bust of J. Fred Muggs, prominent TV personality, he didn't realise what he was getting into.

J. Fred was a picture of determined co-operation at first. But soon he began to dabble in art himself and kept scrambling over to offer Mr. Lacey advice, examine his tools, critique, admire.—In short, to be anything but the perfect model.

As work progressed, so did Muggs' exhaustion and boredom—to the point of collapse.

In the end, however, art triumphed and Muggs happily mounted and sat astride his "other head."



"Life can be grim . . ."



" . . . and very monotonous."



"But maybe two heads are better than one, after all."

## The Robin's Mistake

—He Thought Knarf's Leg Was a Nice Fat Worm—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, came into the room where his sister Hanid was sitting and doing some sewing. She noticed at once that something wasn't just the way it always was.

### Something Is Wrong

"You've hurt your foot," she said. "Oh dear! What did you do to your foot? You're limping, Knarf!"

"A robin did it," said Knarf. "What? A robin?" exclaimed Hanid. This sounded too astonishing to believe. She demanded to know the whole story, from beginning to end. But before Knarf consented to tell his story he made Hanid promise not to be angry at the robin.

"Very well," said Hanid. "I promise."

Knarf now sat himself down, then he began.

"It was warm and sunny. After I left you at lunchtime I went out into the garden and stretched myself out on one of my dandelion to take a little doze. You must have made yourself small," said Hanid, "to have been able to stretch yourself out under a dandelion."

Knarf replied that that was right. "Well," he continued, "I was almost asleep when I heard someone making a rustling noise right close to where I was lying. I had covered my face and shoulders with a large maple leaf to keep the sun off. Only my legs were sticking out.

### Knarf Poked Out

"He certainly was a silly old robin," said Hanid. "Perhaps so," said Knarf to his sister. "But you promised not to be angry at him. After all, he was hungry. And I suppose that my foot and my leg did look like a worm. So I really don't blame him much at all."

"Neither do I," said Hanid. "In fact, I feel sorry for him. You don't know what I think we ought to do? We ought to find two fat worms. We ought to give one to the hungry robin and the other one to the clever little sparrow!"

"Right!" said Knarf. Then he and Hanid went right out to dig the small print.



"A worm! A worm!" the robin yelled.

that hungry robin's mouth! But he held on! I pulled one way, he pulled the other! It was good thing that a sparrow came along just then. She was a very wise little sparrow.

"Here, let go of that boy's leg," the sparrow told the robin. "He's not a worm at all!"

"And did the robin finally let go of your leg?" Hanid asked her brother.

### Not to Blame

"Yes, he finally did. But he wasn't very eager to do it. He still thought that I was fooling him. He still thought that I was some sort of little bug that he would enjoy eating. But the sparrow told him over and over again that he was wrong. So he flew off. Then I thanked the sparrow kindly and limped all the way home."

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## Broken Bits Make New Items

NEXT time you break a pretty dish or an ash tray, don't throw away the pieces. Instead, put them away in a special box and start adding other "oddments" to them, such as attractive odd buttons, good-looking stones from the back yard or bench, and single earrings that have lost their mates.

Once you have a large enough collection, you have the material on hand for making many pretty things, such as "different" vases, lamp bases, or candlesticks.

First, prepare the "junk" by breaking large pieces of china, ware and glassware into smaller ones. This can be done by wrapping each in a few thick-



nesses of soft cloth, then pressing down on it with the heel of your hand, or a heavy book.

Then, using a piece of coarse sandpaper, file away all the rough edges. Remove the metal shanks and clips on the backs of earrings, buttons and the like. Then pick over your loot, discarding all the bits that haven't extremely bright colours.

Your next step consists of finding a suitable bottle for your project. Cover it with putty, making sure that you apply it at least one-half inch thick. Then have fun pressing the decorations into the soft stuff until it's completely hidden. Arrange the objects with an eye for the prettiest effects. Then set your bottle in the sun to dry completely.

If what you want is a vase or a candlestick, your job is finished, since a narrow-necked bottle only needs to have a candle stuck in it, and a wide-mouthed one is all ready for water and flowers as is. However, if you're making a base for a lamp, make sure you've selected a narrow-necked bottle for the purpose, which will permit you to plug in the kind of connection that has a wire which is ejected from the side of the fixture. Then add your shade and you're all set.

## GAME WITH WORDS

Y is buried in each of the 19 words defined below, and it is the only vowel used.

Get these words from the meanings given. Of course they are all one-syllable words, since every syllable must contain at least one vowel.

The first answer is MYTH. Others not defined are BY and CRY.

- Legend
- To soar through the air
- The empyrean
- A sacred song
- Enshroud
- Woodland dryad
- A form of cooking
- To swindle or cheat
- Regular movement or accent
- A wild animal of the cat family
- In Greek myths, a river of the lower world
- Underground room or vault
- Lively
- Spirit of the air
- To poke into
- To kill unlawfully (by a mob)
- One of the presents the Three Wise Men brought
- Colourless liquid in our bodies

(Answers on Page 20)

## Rupert & the Distant Music—24



"The problem seems very simple to Rupert. I expect, your daddy knows what to do," he says. "Why don't you take that pipe back to him and ask him to set us free?"



"He'd be terribly angry," the other little friends from Nodwood have shared Rupert's surprise at seeing the boy. Hearing his words they sink down despondently. "This is hopeless," Paddy moans. "We shall never get away."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



"I've got some people here I'd like you folks to meet. I'll send them over to your place."

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 30

BORN today, you have definitely a touch of genius in your makeup, but it rests upon you to develop it so that it becomes activated in a manner which will bring you success. You have talents in a number of fields but you must select that one thing which interests you most, and concentrate on it to the exclusion of all else if you are to reach the heights to which you are entitled. It is possible that you may develop a little more slowly than some others, but once you have achieved your success it is likely to outlive that of many of your contemporaries.

You are fond of literature, poetry, in particular; music; philosophy and science. You are highly adaptable and know how to adjust yourself to changing situations with a great deal of ease. You have a good head for business and are often impelled to "take chances" where others would consider there was no chance for success. This feeling for experimentation and speculative inventiveness may bring you success, where others, in similar fields have previously failed. Some will call it "good luck"—but your acquaintances know how you work hard and how you strive to get the full co-operation of those who work with you.

Members of your own family are important to you and you will find your greatest happiness within your own home circle. Although you may be something of a stern disciplinarian, your love and devotion to all your kin make the pill of absolute obedience an easy one for them to swallow.

Among those born on this date are: Walter Hampden, actor; Henry Ford, inventor; Robert Burdette, William T. Adams and Emily Bronte, authors; George W. Melville, explorer; Elmer R. Reynolds, ethnologist; and James E. Kelly, noted engraver.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 31

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—The weatherman might be capricious, but otherwise this should be a pleasant last day of a jolly week.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Complete plans made yesterday to your complete satisfaction. One of your best days this month.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—All your prospects should be good today. Don't overlook a fine opportunity if it comes your way.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you find it necessary to make an out-of-town visit be sure to make plans well ahead of the time you start.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is the time to make new friends, especially if on a vacation. An outgoing personality always helps.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Follow through with all that you have planned. This should be the second of two fine days for your efforts.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Don't make too many plans for a heavy schedule of entertaining. This should be a day of rest for you.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If driving in heavy traffic, use a little more care than usual. Sunday driving can be hazardous.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Resting the mind and spirit is quite as important as resting the body. Church attendance might help.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—The stars say that you should be able to enjoy yourself today, whether at home or away.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Might be a good idea to get an vacation. An outgoing personality always helps.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—The month is ending on a happy note for you and yours. Give thanks for all favours received.

BORN today, you are a restless wanderer on this earth! You are always hunting for the perfection which is just around the next corner; the pot of gold at the end of the next street; the crown, high in the clouds, hovering over the mountain, just out of sight! You are the idealist who never seems able to reach his goal—the visionary who is a dreamer par excellence! Unless you can learn to be a little more practical in the application of your inventive genius, you are probably doomed to a great deal of disappointment in life.

Yet, since you are a born leader of men in the realm of ideas, it may be that you can find just the right partner who can implement your ideas in some practical fashion and bring both of you to an outstanding success in material gains and in lasting fame. Although your mind is intuitive, rather than logical, you are very apt to be exactly right in your judgment of affairs—if only you will act on your decision at once. But you do not always trust your hunches and wait for more mature decisions. This is wrong, in your case, for as a rule your "hunches" are usually more accurate.

You are fond of travelling and will probably visit most of the far places on this earth during your lifetime. Music is probably your favourite means of thorough relaxation. Attractive to members of the opposite sex, your emotions are deep and loyal. Be careful in your selection of a life partner for, with you, once you have made a selection, you are committed. Among those born on this date are: John Ericsson, inventor; Paul de Guitte, inventor; James Kant, statesman; William D. Williamson, early governor of Maine; Abram S. Hewitt, early N. Y. mayor; and Edward H. Kendall, architect.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—This can be a fine month for you are highly important. Pay a duty call. You will discover that being friendly pays.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be careful how you plan to expand your business interests; just now. Consult an expert, first.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Not a good idea to do anything too deep end. Conservative action is much the best policy, just now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If invited to join friends in a social event plan to do so. You would probably enjoy yourself thoroughly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Don't rely on memory alone if you have important details to remember. Make careful notes.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Perhaps you will be offered a new contract to sign. Consider every angle carefully. Read all the small print.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Sometimes social obligations are highly important. Pay a duty call. You will discover that being friendly pays.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You can make important advances on the job if you pay close attention to the most minute detail at this time.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A chance to bring happiness to someone you love may come to you at this time. Be sure you don't miss out.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Stick to the straight and narrow today. You may be tempted to cut corners for the sake of more speed, but don't do it!

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Extravagance is definitely not the best policy for you. Adhere to your budget carefully and play it safe.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Any inspirations you have now, simply, some humble work may prove a very helpful loan. Indeed, follow it.

## LOOK WHO



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## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

This Bridge Play Is  
Worth Studying

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH won the opening club lead in his own hand in order to try the trump finesse when today's hand was played. Much to his delight, the jack of hearts won the second trick. South's delight changed when he led a second trump. West discarded a diamond, and it became evident that East had artfully refused the first trump trick.

Declarer went up with dummy's ace of trumps and wondered how he could get to his hand often enough to ruff both of his low spades in dummy. He hopefully led a low diamond from dummy, but East held the trick with the nine of diamonds and cashed the king of hearts. Now dummy had only one trump, and South eventually had to lose a spade trick, losing altogether one trick in each suit.

South was in too much of a hurry to take the trump finesse.

NORTH (D) 27  
♦ 73  
♥ A Q 7 6  
♦ 10 7 6 3  
♠ A 10 3

WEST EAST  
♦ A Q 10 4 ♦ J 6 2  
♥ 3 ♥ K 4 2  
♦ A Q 8 4 2 ♦ K J 9  
♠ 8 7 2 ♠ Q J 10

SOUTH  
♦ A K 5  
♥ J 10 9 8 5  
♦ 3  
♠ K 4 3

North-South Vul.  
North East South West  
Pass Pass 1 Pass  
3 Pass 4 Pass  
Pass Pass 4 Pass  
Opening lead—♠ 8

He should have provided for his spade ruffs before doing anything else.

The correct line of play is to win the first trick with dummy's ace of clubs, cash two top spades, and ruff a spade in dummy. South doesn't worry about an overruff, since West cannot overruff the dummy. If East overruffs, he has to see the king in which case the trump finesse was going to fail anyway.

When the spade ruff gets by, South gets to his hand with the king of clubs, saved for this purpose. Now he ruffs his remaining low spade, assuring the contract. If East fails to overruff the dummy at this time, declarer can even get to his hand later on with a diamond ruff in order to try the heart finesse.

It will lose, as the cards lie, but the point is that South doesn't give up the chance of taking the trump finesse merely because he first takes care of his spade losers.

## VECARD

Q—The bidding has been:  
South West North East  
1 Spade Pass 2 Clubs Pass  
2 Diamonds Pass 2 Spades Pass

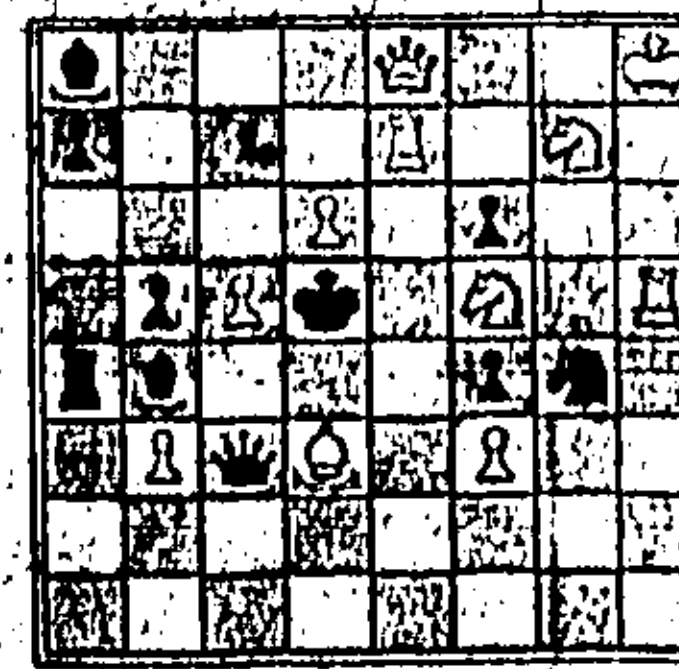
You, South, hold:  
♠ K Q 7 4 2 ♥ 5 ♦ A J 6 3 ♣ J 3 8  
What do you do?  
A—Bid three spades. Although you have only a minimum bid in high cards, the partnership hands seem to fit well. You have support for clubs, and the shortness in hearts gives you time to develop your tricks if partner has a good enough hand to accept this game invitation.

TODAY'S QUESTION  
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:  
♠ A K Q 4 2 ♥ 5 3 ♦ A J 6 3 ♣ 8 5  
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## CHESS PROBLEM

By O. STOCCHI  
Black, 10 pieces.



White, 11 pieces.

White to play; mate in two.

Solution to Yesterday's problem:

1. P-B3, 2. P-R3, 3. K-B4, 1. ... PXP, 2. PXP.

# Would YOU drive in a safety belt?

A NEW IDEA GATHERS FORCE

by BASIL CARDEW



YOU take your seat in the car. You throw the belt across your middle, clip it into place: that's all.

But WOULD you? Would you wear a safety belt in the car as you drive? I ask the question because safety belts are about to be offered as optional equipment by more than one British car maker; because I want every motorist in Britain to think quite seriously about them; and because I would—and will—wear a safety belt.

What converted me was the story of Francis Kocinski.

## Saved him

HE is a motorist in America, and one morning he dozed at the wheel for a split second. His car jumped the kerb and hit a telephone pole. He was travelling at 30 miles an hour, but the impact pushed the pole and its concrete base into the car. His car was a twisted heap of metal.

Kocinski's only injuries were a chipped tooth and a cut tongue—where he hit the steering wheel. He climbed from the wreck and told astonished police that a safety belt had saved his life.

When the car smashed into the pole, the webbing strap which had fixed to his seat, withstanding a pull of a ton or more, had

held him firmly and safely in his seat. He had seen a newswreath of racing car drivers crawling out of crashed cars, grinning. They had all been wearing safety belts.

I read that... and I then leached to see.

THAT in America no driver is allowed to compete in a race or rally without a belt.

THAT safety councils in the US are campaigning for the country's 40,000,000 cars to have 40,000,000 belts—they think it would cut road deaths by 50 per cent.

THAT already the leading makers offer belts in various shades to match the fabric of the family sedan. Women drivers are choosing colours which will tone with their summer frocks. Salesmen include them as the first "necessary" on their showroom lists.

THAT the straps are easy to fasten, comfortable, act as a psychological check on drivers, reduce fatigue by holding your posture.

THAT an American College of Surgeons' analysis of 1,000 random road accidents revealed that nearly everyone hurt was thrown—either through the door or through the windscreen.

AND I remembered that in this year's international Monte Carlo Rally—one of the toughest 2,000-mile tests of the year—many experienced drivers used safety belts—and praised them.

So—I made a 2,000-mile test of a safety belt in a car trip through France, Switzerland, and Italy, on fast, straight roads and on the new bends of the Alps.

(Admittedly, I had double straps—one round my middle and two round my shoulders.)

## Helped me

THIS is what I found and what I proved:—

1 The belts held me and my passengers firm and avoided possible head-bashing on the roof or on the windscreen, or of being thrown violently on the shoulders of the passengers in front;

2 In the driving seat the belts held me off lurching over the steering column. By keeping me firmly in the seat the straps allowed me freer operation of the controls in emergency.

Now the as-you-were thinkers condemn car straps on two grounds. THEY SAY that in a crash the car occupant may not have the presence of mind to release himself immediately; and

THEY SAY that the strap is a sure way of seeing that the driver and passengers suffer the same crushed fate of the car.

These points I discard. For more than a year safety belts have been a must for stock-car drivers. And there people frequently sustain three or four times and are involved in more head-on crashes than any other class of driver.

A simple quick-release buckle, so familiar to aircraft passengers, free the wearer in half a second. And I have not heard of one example of an airline passenger being trapped by his belt in the 15 years they have been internationally compulsory.

★ ★ ★

You would not dream of flying without a safety belt; I think you should ask yourself today whether you are safe to drive without a safety belt.

## Cecil Smith: Records

# I Salute Mr. B. Of Paris

SIDNEY BECHET, a 58-year-old clarinetist from New Orleans, living in France since the war, has done as much as any single musician to foster the enthusiasm for jazz which is sweeping over Paris.

Bechet is a Negro, a Creole—the French-African combination that accounts for much of the intellectual vivacity, as well as the rhythmic instinct, that went into classic New Orleans jazz. His mixed ancestry enables him to understand both Negro music and the French temperament. He has successfully shown some of the leading Parisian jazz men how to make music as it was made in New Orleans 40 years ago.

Bechet plays both clarinet and soprano saxophone with the French trumpeter Claude Luter and his band, a record of four pieces of Creole jazz. ("Souvenirs of New Orleans," Vogue EPV 1020.33/4, r.p.m.).

"Ce Mousieu Qui Parle" (the title is Creole dialect) is perhaps the best. The banjo maintains the four-beat rhythm that came from the marches the Negro street bands used to play, and the Bechet clarinet and Luter cornet engage in friendly rivalry.

## THE HOT CLUB

BUT most French jazz musicians are unwilling merely to reproduce the New Orleans style. They are constantly trying to transform American jazz into something typically French.

Twenty years ago the new-born Quartet of the Hot Club of France invented some fascinating music—inspired from New Orleans jazz and New York swing, but far removed from both. ("Swing from Paris," Decca LF1139, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  r.p.m.).

The group had no clarinet or saxophone or trumpet; there were a violin, a piano and three guitars (one played by the fabulous Django Reinhardt, who had lost three fingers of his left hand). Their version of "Sweet Georgia Brown" has as much drive as a Dixieland performance, but its incisive wit is purely Gallic.

## THE COOL JAZZ

TODAY'S jazz groups in Paris have gone back to conventional instrumentation. But some of them have turned from "hot" music to modern "cool jazz," with Bavel and Stravinsky, with the famous Django Reinhardt, who had lost three fingers of his left hand. Their version of "Sweet Georgia Brown" has as much drive as a Dixieland performance, but its incisive wit is purely Gallic.

The skill of the ten men is prodigious, but they "throw the music away" by underplaying it. The best French experts of jazz are abroad of the best English ones. I should say they are not content to offer carbon copies of American styles. They are trying to find out what, as Frenchmen, they can say most effectively in their music.

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